

JANUARY 29, 1979

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TIME

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The Shah

THE COLOMBIAN CONNECTION

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America's largest selling
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total satisfaction.

Salem Lights.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

ONLY GIRLS AND SISSIES JUMP ROPE FOR EXERCISE.

So why do boxers like Ken Norton jump rope? To stay in good condition.

If everybody followed his example, we'd all be in better health. And so would the cost of health care.

Because jumping rope is a bona fide aerobic exercise. Like jogging, cycling, and swimming. And it's something that everybody can easily do in their homes every day. To stay fit and healthy.

Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans are convinced that people who exercise and stay fit have found one real way to slow down the rise in health care costs.

In fact, Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans all over the country are actively promoting exercise, fitness and health programs.

Of course, there are other effective ways to fight rising health care costs besides asking you to stay fit. To do it, we've initiated many programs with doctors and hospitals.

Programs such as second surgical opinion, medical necessity programs, home care, health maintenance organizations, same day surgery, pre-admission testing and the like are in use in many Plans with positive money-saving results. As successes are achieved, the results are shared so that knowledge gained by solving local problems can be applied on a wider basis.

We're encouraged. The average length of hospital stays for Blue Cross Plan subscribers under age 65 dropped by almost a day between 1968 and 1977. That may not sound like much. But if the length of stay were the same today as it was in 1968, we would be paying an additional \$1,249,869,813 a year. In addition, the rate of hospital admissions for these subscribers dropped by 4.9%, representing \$554,938,847.

But controlling health care costs without sacrificing quality is a tough problem. One we all have to work on together.

That's why we're asking you to try and stay fit and healthy. See your doctor first, and then if you can, get involved in a regular, organized exercise program.

If you can't, at least do what Ken Norton does. Jump rope for about 15 minutes a day.

And help us put the high cost of health care down for the count.

For a free booklet, "Food and Fitness," or for information on how your company can view a special film, "You Can't Buy Health," write Box 8008, Chicago, IL 60680.



Commemorating
fifty years
Working for a
healthier America



Blue Cross
Blue Shield

ALL OF US HELPING EACH OF US.

A Letter from the Publisher

When Dick Serafin left his TIME office in Chicago, the weather reports were forecasting only a light snowfall. That prospect did not faze him at all. As TIME's Chicago production and distribution manager, he is used to coping with the challenges of his city's winters. But Serafin awoke the next morning to find nearly a foot of snow on the ground, with more coming. "It was snowing so heavily," he recalls, "that I couldn't see the end of my block. I was completely surprised—and very worried."

Understandably so. Every weekend the pages of TIME are composed on film at Chicago's R.R. Donnelley & Sons Co. printing plant, and a set of negatives is flown to each of our other seven printing plants throughout the U.S. and seven more scattered around the world. If the film packets leave Chicago late, special efforts must be made to overcome the delay. What's more, some four-color ad pages are printed in Chicago and then sent by truck to U.S. plants for binding in the final copies.

As the storm worsened, Serafin ordered five trailer trucks to leave for their destinations ahead of schedule. Then he and his staff chartered three Learjets for Sunday in case the blizzard knocked out the regular commercial airlines that nor-

mally carry the films of the editorial pages. It did. When the blizzard finally blew itself out, there were 30 in. of snow on the ground and O'Hare International Airport was closed.

But Palwaukee Airport, 30 miles away, began operating Sunday afternoon, and so did Meigs Field, a small facility on Chicago's lakefront. Serafin had a helicopter leased at Meigs and flew the film to Palwaukee, where the waiting Learjets immediately departed. Serafin was also finally able to get the ads through by truck, and the Jan. 22 issues, bearing the cover picture of Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, rolled off the presses on schedule nearly everywhere.

It had been a close call, the closest that Serafin, a 13-year veteran of TIME, or his fellow workers in Chicago can remember. "I never doubted that the magazine would come out," he says. "We were just too determined to succeed."

Such feats of improvisation, however, will soon be the stuff of nostalgia, tales to be recounted around a warm computer on a snowy weekend. Later this year TIME will start transmitting text and pictures electronically to its printing plants, a technological advance that will help our readers get the latest fast-breaking news, no matter how much it may storm in Chicago or anywhere around the world.



Dick Serafin safely indoors

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Cover: Design by Michael Doret.



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Cover: Colombia's largest industry supplies the U.S. with cocaine and marijuana. The multibillion-dollar Colombian Connection uses boats and planes to bring gold from the Santa Marta hills, snow from the Andes. See NATION.



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Letters

The Social Art

To the Editors:

I was delighted to find so many pages devoted to the "new wave" architecture [Jan. 8]. Imaginative, intelligent, graceful, it is an architecture with the courage to break from recent tradition while rediscovering lessons from the past.

Jeffrey Horowitz
Cambridge, Mass.

U.S. architects have not by a long shot said "Goodbye to glass boxes and all that," nor have their European colleagues. The clumsy-concrete school of architecture has simply expanded to include other materials. Any attempt to decorate it with art nouveau or similar elements, no matter how costly, cannot hide the deadly ugliness; even tombstones seem more lively. Thus Philip Johnson, as depicted on the cover of TIME, looks rather like an undertaker displaying just another type of luxury urn.

Bernard Wagner
Hamburg



Unlike their counterparts today, the Modernists—Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, Wright and Gropius—cared about meeting the real needs of mankind. If they are guilty of utopianism, at least they dreamed of relieving and uplifting the urban masses that lived in congested, unhealthy and degrading conditions. Modernism may have failed to remake the world, but it dared greatly.

Harry J. Kelly
Boston

Hooray for the demise of glass-boxed Mondrians, and hello to Robert Venturi's "linguistic" variety.

Mary Ellen Enig
Evansville, Ind.

Bravo for the splendid story "U.S. Architects." But how about the unknown architects of America, who must make their way through energy-conservation restric-

tions, environmental impact regulations, lack of materials, increasing cost of living and low budgets?

Jean-Paul Gauthier
Denver

The days of commitment to the sealed building with its complete surrender to energy-dependent systems are dead and gone. The energy crisis is not a temporary piece of bad luck. Radical changes must be made in today's building industry, and it is the responsibility of U.S. architects to lead the way.

Robert D. Vander Kooi
Hudsonville, Mich.

Opposition vs. Persecution

Your Essay "Homosexuality: Tolerance vs. Approval" [Jan. 8] is full of the nastiest kind of bigotry—that which is expressed with a show of sweet reason and charity. "Oppose," but don't "persecute." It matters little to the stunned brain in a fractured skull whether the deed was done in opposition or persecution. Give me straightforward (pun intended), honest, hotheaded persecution always in preference to the cold slime of tolerance and fairness such as yours.

William T. Wood
New York City

As a heterosexual struggling to remain rational while attempting to understand homosexuality, I commend John Leo's Essay. Certainly homosexuals deserve fair treatment, but as a fellow human being I reserve the right to tolerate any expression, belief, life-style, etc., without being required to endorse it.

Thom Thorneberry
Indianapolis

If the straight majority afforded due tolerance to the gay minority, then the law could fairly keep its jurisdiction out of the sexual domain. But to say, as Mr. Leo does, that the law should be "blind" to the homosexual rights problem is to advocate that justice be blind to injustice.

Jill Magee
New York City

Rape and Marriage

Although the jury in the Rideout trial [Jan. 8] was not convinced of the defendant's guilt "beyond a reasonable doubt," the reform in the rape law itself is long overdue. Marriage vows do not entail the right to sexually assault one's partner. Criminal codes that support such a notion clearly suggest the idea of "mate as chattel" rather than the American ideal of equal protection under the law.

Jenni Pockel
Portland, Ore.

The situation at Salem, Ore., is an example of what the so-called women's libertarians have brought about with ERA and is

an opportunity for any devious female to bring the courts and lawyers into the sanctity of the home and the bedroom. The piece of legislation that permits the Rideout case is another step toward bringing complete chaos to our country.

John R. Brady
Corte Madera, Calif.

The Waking Giant

The New Long March of China [Jan. 11] may indeed conquer the mountains, seas, plains and oilfields of the motherland, but by the 21st century China will be indistinguishable from the U.S. or the Soviet Union. It too will be afflicted with the inescapable ills of all technological societies: dirty air and water, noise, alcoholism, drug addiction, suicide, traffic accidents, spiritual alienation and the death of God. More's the pity since for a while it seemed as though the China of Mao might teach us to become better human beings instead of devoting our skills and energies to piling up junk.

Herbert Meredith Orrell
Albuquerque

Church of Inequality

It really is not surprising that the most theologically liberal of the South African Dutch Reformed churches should take the hardest line on race [Jan. 11]. Liberal churches have always allowed secular society rather than Scripture to set their agenda and vision. Thus liberal denominations in South Africa seek to conform to their culture while the more Bible-based groups do not. The Bible says that all men are created in God's image and that all are sinners in need of regeneration. Therefore no race or class is better than any other, and equality should reign.

J. Alan Jackson
Champaign, Ill.

How Man Began

After reading Joann Dorsch's letter concerning Adrienne Zihlman's study of chimps and evolution [Jan. 11], I began to wonder when people will learn that most evolutionists actually believe that God did create man, and they are only trying to find out how he did it.

Michael Griffin
Aberdeen, S. Dak.

The letter from Joann Dorsch asks "Will evolutionists ever give up and simply admit that God created us?" The answer is no. As long as there is so much evidence in favor of evolution and so little in favor of the *Book of Genesis*, we will search for man's origin.

Dan Molitor
Yakima, Wash.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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The first three things it will save you
are time, grief and money.
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THIS MAN IS A GLUTTON FOR HAPPINESS.

At a time when many people are fed up with the quality of new cars, 9 out of 10 people who buy new Volvos are happy.

Having bought five Volvos, the man you see here is ecstatic.

He's Henry Clemons, an interior designer from Massapequa, New York, and he's been buying Volvos since 1969. He's managed to keep all his old Volvos in the family, giving one to his wife, and passing three others down to his sons.

Mr. Clemons estimates he's put a quarter of a million miles on the Volvos he's bought. He's constantly recommending them to friends and business associates. "I've probably sold thirty Volvos that way. My local Volvo dealer loves me."

If you've never felt this kind of love for a car you've owned, consider a Volvo.

Better to know one-fifth the happiness Mr. Clemons has known than never to know **VOLVO** happiness at all.

A car you can believe in.



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cash or even to help pay your Doublecard bill. Diners Cash Advantage is an extra line of credit of up to \$15,000* available from The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A.

And that's not all. Your Diners Doublecard offers you no-fee traveler's cheques, no-fee currency conversion, emergency cash, \$30,000 in free travel accident insurance,** an automatic separation of business and personal expenses, and much more. Benefits that no bank card can give you. So next time you go abroad, pack a Doublecard. Honored in more countries than any other credit card. Pick up an application wherever you see our sign, or call toll-free 1-800-525-7000. (In Colorado call collect 303-770-7252.)



NOTE: The package of benefits described is presently available only to personal accounts with U.S. billing addresses. *Minimum \$2,000. Subject to legal restrictions. **Insurance coverage underwritten by the Commercial Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey for approximately 1/2 of annual fee.



MORE CARD THAN YOU'VE EVER HAD.

American Scene

Glassboro, N.J.: A Voice Crying in the Wilderness

In a suburban house in Glassboro, N.J., 21 miles southeast of Philadelphia, there stands a 72-year-old rattle-and-clank printing press. When Richard Mitchell, the doting owner and an English professor of 16 years' service at Glassboro State College, is asked why on earth a man would want to buy his own press, his very own Chandler & Price, he squashes his soft hat down on his head, raises one finger in a hark-the-angel gesture, and proclaims: "The spirit of Gutenberg stood before me and said, 'Mitch...'" At such moments Mitch looks a bit like a road-company version of Rex Harrison (with glasses), called upon by God and central casting to reform a whole functionally illiterate world of Eliza Doolittles. And behind all the song and dance, he is not just kidding.

Woe unto wanton danglers of particles! The professor and his faithful press are out to save the English language, with a fire-and-brimstone fury quite beyond the droll tut-tutting of Edwin Newman.

Nine times a year Mitch raises a deafeningly militant clatter, pumping from his venerable machine 1,800 copies of the latest issue of the *Underground Grammarians*, which must rank as the most inflammatory broadsheet to come out of Philadelphia since Tom Paine published *Common Sense*.

WARNING! the first page of the first issue shouted in January 1977: RAPE OF THE MOTHER TONGUE WILL BE PUNISHED! The declared policy of the editor-reporter-printer is to "expose and ridicule examples of jargon, faulty syntax, redundancy" and any "outrage against English" practiced by Glassboro State memo writers, especially those in high places.

Mitch disowning a culprit in print is a sight only brave readers should witness. "Some of the stuff we have to read causes cramps and vertigo," he mutters, warming himself up to a fine frenzy over "the works of Scriblerus X. Machina," as he doles the bulletins from the chairman of the college's communications department, or perhaps the "feats of Clay," as he cruelly pun-points the communiques of one Glassboro dean. "A detailed analysis," he worries out loud, "might well cause irreversible brain damage." But he risks it. One writer's offenses against God and good English, pretty much the same thing to Mitch, are carefully totted up: seven "comma faults," three "failures" of subject-verb agreement, two unpardonable cases of "purple fustian." The villain is hoist by his own "demonstrable insanities." To quote is to destroy—so goes Mitch's *modus operandi*.

Then comes the general commentary. Adjectives like "pretentious," "sleazy" and merely "stupid," nouns like "gibberish," "bunk" and "rubbish" fly from the page like hot spit. The world suddenly becomes overrun with "boobs" and "nitwits" and "barbarians" and their synonyms "vice presidents," "curriculum developers" and, above all, "educationists" who have made careers out of not teaching Johnny to read while not learning to write themselves.

A final thunder roll is delivered to any quaking survivors: "When a professor perverts our language, he does so either as a scoundrel or a fool and outrages the truth and his calling." And so, may Fowler and

began as poetry. 'Golden destroyer' was the name of the animal before it was called 'lion.' The English language may be the greatest symbol system the world has ever devised. Yet we grow up practically mute." Rolling a cigarette, the professor waves his arms until the tobacco flies from his pouch and the frayed threads in his gray herringbone jacket, begging for an elbow patch, threaten to burst. He is having a small revelation.

"The real purpose of language is to talk about the world you can't see the past, the future, the world of the mind. If we fail to master the tool, then difficult, important ideas go out of public discourse. We live meager, pinched lives, all of us, because we speak and write such meager, pinched language." A moment of silence. Then the scarf is refurled. The hat sets itself at an angle of attack. It is time for Don Quixote to reassure himself of his mission by an encounter with a windmill.

In the office of the president of Glassboro State College, Mitch, restless as a terrier, circles while he introduces the visitor President Mark Chamberlain is a tall, handsome man with casual aplomb. A year ago, the *Underground Grammarians* ran a quaint old engraving of a fireman, reins not so firmly in hand, flailing his horses toward an off-page blaze. The headline read: MARK CHAMBERLAIN WRITES AGAIN. Beneath a sampling of a letter from the president's office, featuring words like "reproducibility" and "quantitative," Mitch, to the wicked delight of the student body, commented on President Chamberlain's writing in the time-honored style of a teacher delivering an F: "There are kinds of English prose which simply can't be justified."

If any teeth marks are left on Mark Chamberlain, he does not permit them to show. "I'm a chemist," he says. "I was taught the first-person pronoun was not good form. One writes in the passive. Mitch," he chooses his words carefully, everybody chooses words carefully around Mitch. "Mitch made me aware. If Mitch did not exist," he concludes gallantly, "it would be necessary to invent him."

Mitch helped rescue Mark Chamberlain's truck from a snowdrift last winter. Mark Chamberlain lent Mitch the truck to haul in his Chandler & Price press, when he was replacing an earlier, even more ancient Gordon-Franklin. There are hope-filled rumors about the campus that Mitch is mellowing, giving up, as Chamberlain puts it, *"ad hominem* arguments—assaults such as the one that publicized a vice president's healthy sal-



Grammarians Richard Mitchell flanked by press and type box

Strunk & White and all the other guardian angels be with you until next month!

Mitch's congregation may be local, the sermon is addressed to America. And in its ambition, it exceeds the limits of the grammarians' priggishness. Mitch is not merely working night and day to stamp out the verbal excrescence "hopefully." In "The Owl's Nest," a campus restaurant, he unfurls his scarf like a banner and expounds his true credo:

"A mind can be overthrown by words. That's the point. What is happening to the brain of a person who uses the passive, who writes. 'Delay should not be allowed to take place' instead of 'Hurry.' The user of the passive verb doesn't want a universe where responsible agents do their acts. You see? Bad language ultimately is *immoral*."

The fidgeting. Mitchell hands clutch his head. "God, if only I had time. if only I had life! It eats me up, keeps me awake at night: thinking about the origin of language. In my heart I'm convinced that it

SALLY STRUTHERS TALKS ABOUT HER CHILD.



"Her name is Marites.

She lives in the Philippines. And she's the special child I sponsor.

"Four years ago Marites' father died, leaving her sickly mother as the only means of support for six children. Extreme poverty forced eight-year-old Marites and her two older sisters to go to work just to survive.

"Then thanks to the Christian Children's Fund I was able to sponsor her. To help give her food, clothing and a chance to go to school without taking her away from the family she loves.

"Marites and I got to know each other, and now we share a very personal affection for each other.

"For just \$15 a month, you too can help a child like Marites. You can become a sponsor in the Christian Children's Fund.

"Don't send any money now. Just send the coupon. We'll send you a child's picture and background information, and explain how you can write to the child and receive very special letters in return. Then decide if you want to help. Please send in the coupon today. Because these kids are all in our family — yours and mine."



For the love of a hungry child.

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American Scene

ary while dissecting his diseased prose. Nitwits! Barbarians! What they fail to realize is that the campus sniper is turning into a long-range artilleryman. First Glassboro, then the world. With this month's issue, the *Underground Grammarian* enters its third year. Mitch has a third-class mailing permit, and more and more copies are going off campus. On a growing circulation list, at his own request, is the U.S. Commissioner of Education. Printed on elegant paper, exquisitely designed in handbill style with an often brilliant display of type faces, Mitch's four-page missive becomes more handsome with each issue.

Mitch himself is turning into a sort of Ann Landers of English usage. Grammatical inquiries arrive, one signed "Perplexed in Pittsburgh." Twelve to 15 letters a day overflow the sill above his breakfast table and spill into his dining room, bringing floods of horrible examples, some contributions, and a rising chorus of: "We're mad as hell too, and we're not going to take it any more either."

After the conviviality of the Owl's Nest, after the bracing confrontation in the president's office, Mitch returns home to the headquarters of the *Underground Grammarian*. At the wheel of his 1968 blue Plymouth, he makes even "drive" seem like a passive verb. Hands are reserved for their primary function: underlining words. He bisects the road as heedlessly as most people split infinitives. His wife, coming from the opposite direction in a red Volkswagen, toots in greeting, and maybe a little in self-defense.

Safely in the house, secure in the holy-of-holies basement, with one hand on his press and the smell of lead and ink in his nostrils, Mitch feels the mood of prophecy descending. "Everywhere there's a feeling that something's wrong at the heart of education. The mind that can't weigh and measure with words after twelve, 16, 19 years at school is a mind in distress.

"In the next ten years things are going to change. Already we're trying to get back to reading, writing and ciphering. What else is there, when you come down to it? What would happen if people gained a reasonable command of language? Inconceivable! They wouldn't vote for many politicians. They wouldn't buy any deodorants. If you can keep your particles from dangling, you can spot a non sequitur. If you can spot a non sequitur, you can tell when people are lying."

"So the millennium doesn't come? I've found out what I want to do when I grow up. Freedom of the press means everybody should have his own press, right? Then there's the other notion, 'the power of the press.' That's no idle phrase either. You send out the word. Some man with a printing press can make important changes in the world. That's what it all means. I'm going to crank this thing until I die."

— Melvin Maddocks

The Merit Report

*A 3-year update on the
'Enriched Flavor' discovery that
changed low tar smoking.*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

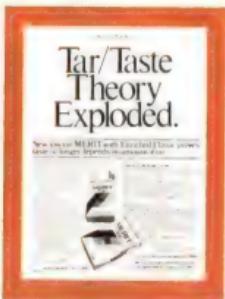
Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

MERIT Science Fills Major Void.

"If a cigarette has less tar, it has less taste too."

Just about every smoker believed that theory at one time. And not without reason. Low tar cigarettes simply didn't taste very good. There was a major void in cigarette smoking. By the early 1970's, 8 of every 10 high tar smokers who tried a low tar brand had rejected them.

The brand that finally exploded the theory was 12 years in the making: low tar MERIT.



'Enriched Flavor' Tobacco Yields Taste Of Much Higher Tar Cigarettes.

In Richmond, a research team put a new technology to work. They cracked cigarette smoke down and isolated certain "key" flavor com-

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ponents. Natural components with the unique ability to deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.

This discovery was called 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco and packed into MERIT.

Confirmation of the MERIT breakthrough came quickly.



MERIT was taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes with thousands of smokers across the country. The results were conclusive: MERIT was reported by a majority of smokers tested to deliver as much—or more—taste than cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

The test findings were echoed in the marketplace.

MERIT was introduced to smokers in January, 1976. In just twelve months, it passed 49 older cigarette brands and was declared the most successful new brand in over 20 years.

Breakthrough Extended To 100's.

Many smokers requested that MERIT be made available in a longer length. The same technology that

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

produced a whole new taste standard in low tar smoking was applied to 100's with striking results.

In tests against a number of major 100 mm brands, ranging up to 19 mg tar, the majority of smokers reported that they liked the taste of new low tar MERIT 100's as much as the higher tar brands tested.

The taste barrier for low tar smoking had been broken for the second time.

National Smoker Study Hails MERIT In Five Crucial Categories.

A new national smoker study was conducted in early 1978. Both high tar smokers and MERIT smokers were polled as to flavor preference, satisfaction, ease of switching, and brand loyalties. Once again, MERIT produced startling responses.

A majority of high tar smokers confirmed that low tar MERIT delivered flavor equal to—or better than—the leading high tar brands tested—cigarettes having up to twice the tar.

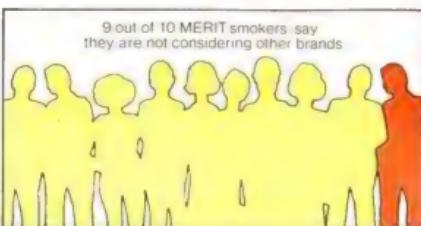
A majority of high tar smokers also confirmed the taste satisfaction of MERIT.

85% of all MERIT smokers tested said that it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

9 out of 10 MERIT smokers also said they were not considering other brands.

An overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers confirmed that their

former brands weren't missed!



The MERIT Era.

Back when the theory of low tar/low taste was a reality, it didn't seem possible that high tar smoking would ever be challenged. But research surveys show that over 75% of all MERIT smokers have switched directly from high tar brands.

The toughest "taste" critics of low tar smoking are switching to and staying with MERIT.

MERIT is the first proven major alternative to high tar smoking. And you can taste it.



MERIT

Kings & 100's

Nation

TIME JAN. 29, 1979

A Cautious Senate Begins

In the present stingy mood, getting organized may be half the fun



Russell Long embracing Ted Kennedy

The first day of a new session of Congress is like no other. The Capitol and the House and Senate office buildings are bursting with people and pride. Rooms overflow with the families and friends of newly elected members, with well-wishers, autograph hounds and those who like to brush up against power, however briefly.

So it was last week as the 96th Congress convened. Virginia's new Republican Senator, John Warner, hoisted his famous wife, Elizabeth Taylor, onto a table so that she could greet the crowd; later she blew kisses to her husband from the Senate gallery as he was sworn in. The Senate's only woman member, Republican Nancy Kassebaum, pleaded with visitors from her native Kansas: "Please don't ask me what it's like to be the only woman in the Senate. I don't know yet. Maybe in a month or two I will know." Republican Jake Garn, the senior Senator from Utah, dropped by to offer congratulations to the new G.O.P. Senator from Minnesota, Rudy Boschwitz. Garn walked right by Boschwitz without recognizing him, then turned back and took another look. "You're so quiet," Garn told



Vice President Mondale swearing in Bill Bradley, as his parents, wife and children look on



Javits, Percy, Kassebaum and Laxalt at G.O.P. caucus; G.O.P. leaders Stevens and Baker
"We're going to raise hell on Taiwan. We're going to be heard on the Middle East."

Boschwitz. "I was wondering, where's the Senator?" And there you are." Replied Boschwitz. "Well, folks back home would have a laugh about that."

The festivities testified to the enduring stature of the U.S. Senate, the only upper house among the legislatures of the world to gain, not lose, power and authority in modern history. At noon, Vice President Walter Mondale gavelled the Senate to order. In time-honored tradition,

the new Senators were escorted by the incumbent Senators from their states to the rostrum, where they took the oath of office. Only New Hampshire Republican Gordon Humphrey ruffled Senate sensibilities by refusing to be escorted by his Democratic counterpart, John Durkin.

But beneath all the boisterousness and the backslapping, business was being conducted under the shrewd, ever watchful eye of Senate Majority Leader Robert

Byrd. Schedules were being negotiated, committees assigned, legislation readied.

By all forecasts, it will be a session of frugality, retrenchment and caution. Republican conservatives, their numbers strengthened somewhat by the last election, are poised to challenge the President on foreign policy. "We're going to raise hell on Taiwan," pledges Nevada Republican Paul Laxalt. "We're going to be heard on the Middle East." His views are echoed by moderate G.O.P. Newcomer William Cohen of Maine: "We seem to be committed to a course of withdrawal from major parts of the world, which raises questions about our reliability."

SALT II, perhaps the most crucial business before the Senate, will be subjected to stern scrutiny. Democratic Whip Alan Cranston of California has put together a bipartisan group of Senators who have been meeting with Administration officials to exchange views on SALT. Cranston acknowledges that the treaty "can't be based on trust that the Soviet Union will live up to its terms. We've got to have the ability to monitor their adherence or nonadherence." SALT opponents, who estimate that they have close to 25 solid votes against the pact (34 are needed to defeat it), have even talked with an author of SALT I, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Says Laxalt: "He has been invaluable in giving us perspective."

Most of the legislation on the congressional agenda reflects the members' cost-cutting mood. "Congress has an eye toward fiscal restraint," says Byrd. "In the last Congress we cut appropriations about \$15 billion. In the upcoming Congress, we'll see a continuation of that mood." Edmund Muskie, chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, says he is determined to hold the line on spending. He admits that his committee work has modified his views: "I have been educated," he says. "I have become convinced that we've got to be more prudent and restrained and selective."

To combat inflation, Jimmy Carter has proposed a relatively lean fiscal 1980 budget of \$531.6 billion with a deficit of \$29 billion. Congress may want to reduce it even more. At his first meeting with legislative leaders on the second day of the session, Carter was pleased to learn from an aide that there is a "good mood on the Hill, an attitude of 'Let's get to work on the tough ones right away.'" So the President immediately threw a couple of tough ones into the hopper. Once again, he has asked for his hospital cost containment program, which was shelved last session after fierce lobbying by the medical profession. He also submitted a wage insurance plan, which is supposed to give unions an incentive to moderate their demands for pay raises. Under the plan, workers who accept wage increases of 7% or less would be compensated by the U.S. Government should inflation exceed 7%. Neither program is given much chance of passing, but the President is pushing

them for their symbolic value in the battle against inflation.

Other anti-inflation measures stand a better chance. After the stunning success of airline deregulation, a coalition of Democrats and Republicans will try to remove the red tape that limits competition among railways and trucking lines. There also will be an attempt to reduce the blizzard of regulations from federal agencies that cost American business an estimated \$150 billion a year.

If the economy heads toward recess-



Byrd before Steering Committee meeting
Fancy footwork on the filibuster.

sion, as some economists predict, frugality might quickly lose its popularity. Tip O'Neill has told Carter that if unemployment (currently 5.9%) reaches 6.3%, the President had better have an economic stimulus plan ready. "If you don't," O'Neill warns, "we will." But others feel that inflation has gone too far to be neglected once a downturn begins.

Most of the Senate newcomers are committed to cost-cutting legislation. Wil-

liam Armstrong, a Colorado Republican, admits that he is "borderline ecstatic" about the trend to conservatism. As a three-term member of the House of Representatives, he says, "I felt that I was swimming against the tide. I got to the Senate just as my ideas are becoming trendy, so it's really fun." On his first day in office, he introduced a constitutional amendment to balance the federal budget. "The consensus for a balanced budget is finally here," he announced. Max Baucus, a Montana Democrat, is a liberal on social issues but tightfisted on spending. He intends to improve the efficiency of the federal bureaucracy. "I want to publicize incompetence and rip-offs," he says. "This will put the bureaucrats on their toes." David Durenberger, a moderate Republican from Minnesota, wants to reduce the centralization of authority in Washington. "The U.S. Government's role is to identify the issues," he explains. "But it should examine the private sector first for the delivery of the services called for. My emphasis will be on returning the implementation of educational standards to the hands of state legislatures and school districts."

The Senate's dwindling number of liberals are distinctly unhappy with the conservative turn of events. They are well aware that prominent liberals went down to defeat in the last election, and they are worried about their own political futures. Next year 24 Democratic Senators are up for re-election, and 15 of them are confessed liberals. Fresh from last year's successes at the polls, G.O.P. National Chairman Bill Brock is making an all-out effort to unseat them. "Being a liberal today is like having a disease," gripes a Democratic official. For Senate Newcomer Paul Tsongas, a liberal from Massachusetts, the atmosphere is chilly. "It's lonely not having so many soul mates around."

Last week COPE, the political arm of the AFL-CIO, distributed a memo to its members. "A lot of Democrats seem to have gone squeamish," complained COPE. "This attitude is not so much reflected in the real and justified concern about getting your money's worth out of Government. It's more a bunting to the demagogues of the right and the pressures of the business community. It could be a long and tough two years coming up in the 96th Congress." Labor's clout has been so weakened that it is not expected to get any important legislation passed this session. Not a single Democrat applied for the vacancy on the Senate Human Resources Committee, which handles labor bills. That seat had been held by Maine's William Hathaway, a liberal who was defeated by Bill Cohen. Finally, when no one else would volunteer, Ohio's Howard Metzenbaum relieved the embarrassment of his party by taking the seat.

Yet oddly enough, while liberals are hunkering down, hoping somehow to survive, one of their number flaunts his lib-

Nation

In the House: A Little More Respect

"I welcome you to the brotherhood of fiscal conservatism, and I assure you that the people on my side of the aisle will be doing our very best to provide you with many opportunities to put your vote where your campaign rhetoric was. Believe me, deviations will be noted."

With that bit of banter, Minority Leader John Rhodes last week made his usual gracious speech conceding the speakership to Thomas ("Tip") O'Neill. The Speaker hardly needed the reminder that he leads a chamber that is dedicated just as much as the Senate to reducing federal deficits and halting inflation. Notes Washington's Thomas Foley, chairman of the House Democratic Caucus: "The word liberal has fallen into disfavor." Republicans gained only eleven seats in the November elections, and the Democrats remain firmly in control, 276 to 157 (with two vacancies). Regardless of party, however, members are responding to the protests of a tax- and inflation-weary electorate. Says Willis Gladson, a moderate Republican from Cincinnati: "The whole House is more conservative. It's not so much a change in faces but the result of what we heard in November from the voters."

House members generally agree that the budget will be the main item of business this session and that it should be as lean as possible. Even liberals acknowledge that the nation's problems do not appear to yield to money and to Government intervention. "We haven't had the pruning of the programs that don't work," admits Abner Mikva, a leading liberal Democrat who was re-elected from Chicago's North Shore suburbs by a scant 1,000 votes. "Because of that, all of Government is carrying a burden of presumed incompetence and inefficiency."



Minority Leader Rhodes gives gavel to Speaker O'Neill at opening of House

Fights will doubtless occur over which parts of the budget to trim. Probably the biggest clash will be on defense spending, which Carter wants to boost by 3% in real dollars. Exercising more influence in the Budget Committee than in the House as a whole, advocates of increased social spending may be able to prevent the hike in military spending. Says David Obey, a liberal Democrat from Wisconsin: "I am not going to tell old people that they have to bear a double load because our NATO allies need more money for defense."

House leaders on both sides of the aisle are deeply disturbed by the vulnerability of members to single-interest lobbies. "It's a lot more difficult to say no to anybody," says Obey, "because so many people have well-oiled mimeograph machines." These lobbies have grown more influential as campaigns have become more expensive. To relieve the pressure, the Democratic leadership is pushing for public financing of campaigns.

Despite the heralded reforms of 1974, the organization of the House has not changed all that much. Seniority, in fact, is making something of a comeback. It was the major factor in the selection of the new committee chairmen this session. "If you had a fire drill," says Foley, "the members would line up in order of seniority—unless it's a very dangerous fire." Jamie Whitten, the conservative Mississippi Democrat who is known as the Father of the House because he has served longest in the chamber (37 years), easily beat back an attempt by liberals to block his ascent to chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee. After several years of unruly fragmentation, House leaders have been startled as well as pleased to hear new members ask during debates at party caucuses "What is the position of the leadership?"

eralism more boldly than ever. Despite his personal liabilities and the accumulated scars of political wars, Senator Edward Kennedy has emerged as the unquestioned leader of the liberal bloc. He has not appeared to give an inch to the conservative tide. With evocative, emotional, near demagogic oratory that lifts supporters to their feet cheering lustily, he has positioned himself to the left of Carter in case he chooses to run for the presidency.

Last week Kennedy hurled his most defiant challenge to date at the President. Denouncing budget cuts in programs for the poor, he urged the Administration to trim what he calls "tax expenditures," that is, tax breaks for the well-to-do such as lavish expense-account meals. "Before Congress makes drastic cuts in food stamps and lunch programs," Kennedy wrote in a press release, "it ought to cut back this lavish tax subsidy that provides food stamps for the rich. The President should squarely confront Congress with this situation and insist that the rich take a place at the rear of the subsidized lunch line." Not all liberals, to be sure, are buying Kennedy's approach. Cautions a prominent Democratic Senator: "Look at the voting record and show me where on a programmatic vote, Kennedy gets more than 25 votes." Because of his charisma, the Senator says, Kennedy is able to bring bills to public attention, but he is not able to get them passed.

For the first time, however, Kennedy is operating in the Senate from a firm institutional base as the new chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Determined to revitalize a committee that was rather somnolently led by James Eastland, who retired, Kennedy has established an awesome agenda for this session. At the top of the list are confirmation hearings for 152 new federal district judges. Kennedy plans to insist on higher qualifications for nominees than in the past and more extensive reports on them from the Justice Department and the FBI. He will also seek more women and minority members among the appointees. Kennedy wants to report out an anti-merger bill intended to foster greater competition among the nation's giant corporations, which will certainly not welcome such legislation. Finally, beyond his Judiciary duties, Kennedy will be the principal sponsor of a national health insurance program.

He was off to a promising start last week, as he maneuvered to sign up Senators for six slots on his 17-member committee. "He wants the members of the committee to be compatible with his views," says an aide. "If they can't be compatible, he wants guys he can work with." First, Kennedy tried to persuade some moderate Republicans to ask to be put on the committee. When that effort failed, he turned to the Democrats. Moving among them, carefully sounding

them out, he finally got four acceptable candidates: Iowa Liberal John Culver, who is a close friend; Vermont's Patrick Leahy and Montana's Baucus. For geographical balance, he chose a newly elected Southerner from Alabama, Howell Heflin, who is considered a worldly moderate in the mold of Sam Ervin. The Democratic Steering Committee, which makes the assignments to committees, approved Kennedy's selections. He was then assured a solid majority on the Judiciary Committee.

As the other committees were organized, conservatives fared better. Frank Church, the new chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has emphasized that he wants to restore his committee to its former eminence. His chief of staff, Bill Bader, is now recruiting arms-control experts to help the committee with SALT. Church requested two liberals for committee vacancies: Muskie and Tsongas. He got Muskie, but Tsongas was rejected in favor of a conservative Nebraska Democrat, Edward Zorinsky, who after much public vacillation voted against the Panama Canal treaties last year. "There's no mystery behind that selection," said Byrd. "Zorinsky got the most votes on the Steering Committee."

On top of that, three conservative Republicans made a pitch for seats on the committee, in order to be in an advantageous position to oppose SALT. Jesse Helms, Orrin Hatch and Sam Hayakawa were promptly dubbed the "Horrendous Three Hs" by distressed Democrats. Another Republican, Indiana's Richard Lugar, also asked for a place on the committee. Fearing that conservatives might control the committee, Democrats devised a different strategy: "You can't change the ratios on committees," noted Cranston. "But you can fool around with them." So the Democrats did some fooling. They reduced the size of the committee by one seat. This enabled them to eliminate a Republican without changing the ratio. Thus they got rid of one of the Horrendous Hs. Hatch

Another leading conservative, Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long, had a close call but eventually prevailed. He wanted to lend a hand to a newcomer, Oklahoma's David Boren, a Democrat who is a supporter of oil and gas interests. Long asked for a place for Boren on the Finance Committee, but the Steering Committee said no and picked two liberals instead: Baucus and New Jersey's Bill Bradley. Then Long asked that Boren be assigned to the Energy Committee. Once again, the Steering Committee turned him down and gave the vacancies to liberals: Bradley and Tsongas.

Undeterred, Long had to move fast, since the full Democratic caucus would meet the next day to ratify committee assignments. There's



Church (right) discussing committee work with Alde Bader
Devising a strategy to stop the Horrendous Three Hs

more than one way to skin a cat," confided a Long intimate. "You lose the first way, then you fall back on plan B." Long decided to increase the size of his Finance Committee by adding another Democrat and Republican. But that meant reducing the size of somebody else's committee, a treacherous undertaking amid a group that so jealously guards its prerogatives. But Long had a friend in Mississippi: John Stennis, chairman of the Armed Services Committee. Sure, said Stennis. He was willing to drop a couple of members. "It's a small reduction," he acknowledged. Long then approached Byrd, who convened a hasty meeting of the Steering Committee. Boren landed a place on Finance as well as a debt to Long that will not be easy to repay.

Despite the conservative trend and the new combativeness of Republicans, Byrd quickly took charge of the 96th ses-

sion. "Bobby Byrd has a hammer inside that velvet glove," says Cranston. The man who plays a mean fiddle off-hours displayed some fancy footwork on the Senate floor last week. Frustrated in past sessions by the increased use of the filibuster and the postclosure filibuster, Byrd decided to do something about both obstructionist tactics. After much study, he was convinced, just before the session began, that he had found an answer, though he was not telling anybody what it was.

Byrd made his first move shortly after Vice President Mondale finished swearing in the newly elected Senators. The majority leader proposed to invoke cloture by a vote of three-fifths of the Senators in attendance instead of the currently required 60 votes. He also wanted to eliminate the endless motions and amendments that make a postclosure filibuster possible. While the new Senators waited to have their pictures taken with Mondale, Byrd insisted on setting a time for a vote on his reforms. Otherwise, he warned, he would bring them up for a vote that would only require a majority to change the rules—meaning the Democrats could simply ignore the Republicans and do as they liked. "I'd rather not take that route," he explained later. "I'd rather not say what it is. My hopes are that we'll get a time agreement. If we can't get that, we'll take the other way."

Minority Leader Howard Baker got the message and was soon talking compromise himself. He set up a Republican task force to study Byrd's proposals. "It is pretty clear now that something might be worked out," said Baker. "It is more than likely that there will be a meeting of minds." Was the majority leader bluffing about his new strategy? Nobody knew for sure, but nobody was willing to challenge his authority. In short, the Senate of the 96th Congress was in business.



Democratic Steering Committee Members Magnuson, Biden, Nunn and Jackson

"There's more than one way to skin a cat. You lose, then you fall back on plan B."

Waiting for Deng Xiaoping

Washington prepares for the China summit

A special White House working group, headed by Presidential Assistant Anne Wexler, met almost daily to pore over final details. Administration officials briefed hundreds of U.S. farmers, businessmen and labor leaders on the minutiae of U.S.-Chinese relations. Presidential aides issued a fat silver briefing folder in which more-or-less familiar Chinese names were rendered almost unrecognizable in Peking's own Chinese transliteration system. Teng Hsiao-ping, for example, became Deng Xiaoping.

So Washington prepared last week, with the help of a nine-member Chi-

nese advance delegation from Peking for the arrival on Jan. 28 of Chinese Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, the first official visit to Washington by a Chinese Communist leader. The Teng summit posed more delicate problems for the White House than the spelling of names. The Chinese had requested the opportunity of meeting old friends in the U.S., including former President Nixon, whose own visit to China in 1972 paved the way for U.S.-Chinese diplomatic normalization. In fact, Teng wanted to stop off at Nixon's home at San Clemente, Calif., a nightmarish thought

to Carter's advisers. As a compromise, the White House invited the former President to the state banquet for Teng in Washington on Jan. 29. Invitations were also sent to former President Gerald Ford and former Secretaries of State Henry Kissinger and William Rogers. Some initial reactions to the Nixon invitation were almost hysterical. Brooklyn's Democratic Representative Elizabeth Holtzman labeled it "profoundly offensive, repugnant and inexcusable." Even inside the White House, the invitation was not unanimously approved, but Carter insisted that it was "the proper thing to

In a curious parallel during his Japan visit last October, Teng insisted on visiting disgraced former Premier Kakuei Tanaka, architect of Japan's 1972 normalization of relations with China. Tanaka had resigned from office in 1974 under pressure for allegedly having taken \$2 million in bribes.

Who Is "Most Favored"?

"Evenhandedness" is the Administration's motto for dealing with China and the Soviet Union these days. President Jimmy Carter and Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski both recognize that Washington's announcement of diplomatic relations with Peking, plus next week's visit by Teng Hsiao-ping, provoked the Soviets to stall on a new SALT treaty and a summit meeting between Carter and Leonid Brezhnev. In Washington, the Cabinet-level Policy Review Committee on China has recommended

mercial opportunities for Communist governments to their policies of permitting emigration of their citizens. Before diplomatic recognition on Jan. 1, China had not actively sought MFN.

Both Moscow and Peking want MFN, along with U.S. export credits, in order to have freer access to American markets and to attract American investment. MFN could increase Soviet-American trade by an estimated 10%, and Sino-American trade still more. U.S. business generally supports trade preferences for both the Soviet Union and China, but Capitol Hill is in no mood to do Moscow any favors, given what many legislators see as Soviet mischievousness in Africa, the Middle East and Indochina. As for human rights, the number of people being allowed to emigrate from the Soviet Union is on the rise, but those who leave are a small fraction of those who apply.

While China is by no means a liberal democracy, its dissident intelligentsia is far less visible and vocal than Moscow's. Indeed, Peking is probably willing to release more of its nearly 1 billion citizens than the rest of the world could possibly absorb. Thus it would be easier for Carter to extend MFN to China than to the Soviet Union. However, in the interests of evenhandedness, the Administration wants to seek MFN for China and the Soviet Union at the same time, and it would prefer to do so much later this year, after the Senate has decided whether to ratify the new SALT treaty. The White House figures that the ratification fight is going to be nasty, noisy and risky enough without the Senate's simultaneously debating Soviet treatment of dissidents.

But largely because of the groundswell of anti-Soviet feeling, Peking may have more friends on Capitol Hill these days than Moscow. Moreover, many legislators, the Chinese, do not share the Administration's determination to protect SALT. The Peking leadership sees SALT as a trap into which the Soviets have lured the U.S. The principal sponsor of the 1974 amendment linking trade with emigration was Henry Jackson, who also happens to be both the leading opponent of SALT and proponent of closer ties with China. Thus the Administration faces the disagreeable possibility that Congress skillfully lobbied by the Chinese, may impose its own tilt toward China, leaving the Soviet Union as a "least-favored-nation."



that the President avoid any steps that could be construed as a "tilt" toward China at the expense of the Soviet Union.

The problem may soon lead to some difficult negotiations over East-West trade. At issue is most-favored-nation status (MFN), whereby a foreign country is able to export goods to the U.S. at much lower tariff rates. Actually, MFN is a misnomer, since over 95% of the U.S.'s trading partners enjoy that status. Only a handful of Communist countries, including China and the Soviet Union, face discriminatory tariffs that in some cases are double. The Soviet Union is barred from MFN by the Jackson-Vanik amendment to the 1974 trade bill, which links com-

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According to scientists, gold exists on Mars, Mercury and Venus and also in the waters of our own oceans. The former is somewhat absurd to contemplate and the latter was judged financially impractical.

Another once seriously proposed idea to obtain gold contained an almost doomsday aspect. The idea was to drill, as one would for oil, some 2000 miles into the earth's molten core. This was abandoned mostly for reasons of cost and technical unfeasibility, but probably also because it ran a tremendous risk—that of creating the world's first man-made volcano.

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Nation

do" in light of Nixon's efforts at improving U.S.-Chinese relations. Others suggested that the presence at the banquet of Nixon and the former Secretaries of State might help Carter win congressional support for his China policy.

Teng's nine-day visit will begin at 2 p.m. on Jan. 28, when a silver Boeing 707 carrying him and his party of 75, including scientists and journalists, touches down at Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington. Next morning, after a formal welcome that will include a 19-gun salute, Teng and Jimmy Carter will talk for an hour at the White House. There will be more talks between the two leaders on the following day, and then Teng will visit the House and Senate, where he will engage in some personal lobbying for the U.S.'s new China policy and probably reissue his invitation to critics, led by Senator Barry Goldwater, to visit Peking. The Vice Premier also will attend what is being billed as "a performance of American arts" at the Kennedy Center.

After three days in Washington, Teng will begin a jaunt around the country that was mostly designed to satisfy the interests of the scientists in his delegation. Said one U.S. scheduler: "Farms do not seem to do much for him. Technology is his bag." He will be escorted by Leonard Woodcock, who last week was nominated by Carter as U.S. Ambassador to China.

First stop will be Atlanta, where Teng will tour a Ford Motor Co. assembly plant and a solar energy facility at Georgia Tech and dine with several Governors and other dignitaries. Next, in Houston, Teng may call at the NASA Space Center, look at some specimens of the latest oil-drilling technology, and sample a Texas-style barbecue. Finally, he will probably be shown the Boeing 747 assembly line at Everett, Wash., before heading back to China on Feb. 5.

No efforts have been spared to make Teng feel at home. Both at Blair House, where he will stay in Washington, and in the White House itself, elegant brass spittoons have been set out and polished to accommodate his habit of frequent spitting. Downtown Washington will be decorated with American and Chinese flags hanging from light poles.

In Peking last week, Teng also seemed to be preparing carefully for his visit. He disappeared from public sight, presumably to clear his desk and bone up on the U.S. Though he is expected to make some sharply anti-Soviet comments while on U.S. soil, he is unlikely to repeat either the phrasing or the tone of his last public speech in the U.S., at a U.N. forum in 1974. Then he ridiculed U.S. efforts to search for peace, blasted "the two superpowers," and pronounced that, in the world as a whole, "revolution is the main trend." With his skillful sense of self-promotion and public relations, Teng this time will most likely project a far more benevolent image. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

On Trusting the Soviets

Paul Warnke, who led President Carter's SALT II negotiators for nearly two years, is back in his twelfth-story law office. The window beside his desk frames the White House, the Washington Monument and a spectacular panorama of the Potomac River valley as far as Mount Vernon. The scene haunts him these days as agreement nears on the new strategic arms treaty with the Soviet Union, and America prepares to debate the issue. Rejection in the Senate would heighten tension and accelerate the arms race, Warnke believes. Acceptance would renew hope that nuclear weapons could ultimately be reduced and more tightly controlled.

Mounting national suspicions of the Soviets and the sense that we are losing our leadership position have cast a long shadow over the final outcome of SALT II. It may be, Warnke muses, as critical a time in our national life as we have faced since the end of World War II.

Warnke can argue the numbers of missiles and nuclear warheads. He sees the U.S. as the overall equal to the Soviet Union, though the two have a different mix of weapons. He has little doubt that without the treaty both nations would be forced to arm faster. But a compelling part of his message has nothing to do with hardware and dollar signs. It is, finally, the human assessment of those men who guide the Soviet Union. With inoculations of suspicion and skepticism, Warnke has approached what he regards as a moment of truth. Though the Soviets remain unruly and difficult world citizens, Warnke believes that they are a bruised and lonely people who fear nuclear war, who in their singular way are searching for their place in the family of man.

In Moscow once, Warnke felt the urgency in Leonid Brezhnev's pleading for peace. Back in his hotel room, Warnke pondered it all while watching the war movies that saturate Soviet television. He decided to take Brezhnev a bit at his word.

In Geneva, Warnke measured the Soviet negotiators across the table, difficult and different men. They came with well-developed inferiority complexes. "They liked the talks," recalls Warnke. "because they were treated as a superpower. They have no great characteristics of a superpower except military power." Time and time again the sense of loneliness showed itself. The Soviet Union has no real allies in the world. Partnerships are forced, unreliable. On every horizon, Warnke concluded, the Soviets see some threat. They sit on their massive land, powerful and friendless, driving for acceptance in some manner, maybe by force, but maybe through treaties like SALT II.

For men like Vladimir Semyonov, 67, with whom Warnke dealt, the Soviet Union seemed a miracle that they do not want scorched or disfigured. Semyonov was a boy during the Revolution, lived through the Stalin terror, survived World War II. Warnke decided that this kind of pain is not habit forming in such a man.

Throughout the talks, Warnke felt that a poetic resonance with the motherland still echoed in the hearts of the Communists. And they related themselves in a strange way with Americans—common people of practical view. "We are alike," they kept saying.

Maybe Warnke's (and America's) natural sympathies were being manipulated. But living together on this small planet must finally be based on some trust. Warnke thought he felt it one night when invited to Semyonov's Geneva apartment for dinner. When Semyonov learned that two of Warnke's sons, Tom, 19, and Ben, 18, were in the city, he insisted that they come too. Before dinner, Semyonov's teen-age daughter by his second wife came in to meet the guests. For that moment this hard-line Communist was clearly a father dedicated to something far weightier than megatons.



Former SALT Negotiator Paul Warnke

Nation



Turner in his Langley, Va., office

Has the Admiral Gone Adrift?

So ask critics of CIA's Turner

He's an innovator and a shaker." "He's an admiral. But he couldn't command a rowboat. He can't get along with people." Observes a former CIA director. "I get the distinct impression that he doesn't know how to run that place." Declares an old agency hand. "He's a disaster."

The object of this criticism is CIA Director Stansfield Turner, 55, who last week was being blamed by critics for the CIA's failure to warn the White House months ago that Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi was in danger of losing his throne. Only two days after the Shah went into exile, the House International Relations Committee began hearings on the Iran crisis and the CIA's inability to predict its outcome. Acknowledged a CIA official: "The agency will go through a wringer. We'll take our lumps."

Most of the bruising will probably be inflicted on Admiral Turner, who has been a controversial figure ever since Jimmy Carter appointed him CIA director nearly two years ago. Within the agency, many officials complain that Turner is autocratic and aloof. He has a reputation for relying heavily on gadgets, such as sky satellites and computerized interception of overseas communications. As evidence, Turner's critics cite his decision in 1977 to cut about 800 employees from the CIA's clandestine Directorate of Operations. All but 10% of the reduction was in the department's staff at

CIA headquarters in Langley, Va. Nonetheless, intelligence community members claim that in 1978 the CIA was so short-handed it could not assign people to investigate two suspicious situations abroad. Just what they involved was not disclosed, but one covert official commented: "It doesn't do you any good to know how many tanks are at the border if you don't know what is going to be done with them."

Turner's brusque and distant personality may be his biggest handicap outside the CIA. He does not get along well with National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. He lacks the finesse to soothe CIA critics on Capitol Hill. He has even had his knuckles rapped by his boss. Last November, when Jimmy Carter wrote a memo to a few top advisers criticizing the low quality of their political reporting on Iran, it was interpreted as a scolding of Turner. Understandably, since he is the coordinator of all U.S. intelligence activity as well as head of the CIA.

Defenders of Turner and the CIA blame any shortcomings on others. They contend that since the 1960s, a decade after the agency helped put the Shah in power, the CIA has been under White House orders to stay away from his enemies to avoid giving the impression that U.S. support for him was weakening. Moreover, only the U.S. Ambassador had the authority to report to Washington on political conditions in Iran.

Turner is far from cowed by the criticism. He notes that he had predicted last July in a *TIME* interview that Iran would be the next diplomatic hotspot. He also insists that one of the faultfinders' main targets, a favorable assessment of the Shah's situation that was leaked in August, was only an early draft and had been sent back by him to be made more probing.

The CIA director says he is not worried about low morale. "I've been through it in the military with Viet Nam," he says. "We pulled out of that." He adds: "I'm taking this agency through some very important changes. How do you set it up so it runs 200 years? You shake some crockery." To complaints that he is too remote, he replies: "People tell me to get out and walk around the building. But look at that desk I have work to do."

Turner claims that his subordinates' morale "hasn't affected the output of the organization." Senior officials in other U.S. intelligence branches and in some foreign embassies agree. Whatever Turner's personal unpopularity, his agency's performance is respected by its peers.

At the White House, Turner is seen as a disappointment. But Carter and his top aides believe that the CIA has been pounded too hard for too long that five directors in six years is too many and that another upheaval might produce chaos at the agency. Thus the CIA's troubled past may be Stansfield Turner's best guarantee of retaining his present job. ■



Lance on TV in Washington

The Carters' Peanut Money

Lance's loans examined

After a federal grand jury in Atlanta questioned Billy Carter last fall about Banker Bert Lance's tangled financial dealings, the President's brother announced blithely that on several occasions he had taken the Fifth Amendment. The statement inflamed suspicions that Brother Billy might be covering up some unsavory—or even illegal—money dealings between Lance, who resigned as Director of the Office of Management and Budget in the fall of 1977 because of his questionable banking practices, and the Carter presidential campaign.

Last week two outside directors of Atlanta's National Bank of Georgia, which was once headed by Lance, issued a 131-page accounting showing that the bank had loaned the Carters almost \$7 million. But the directors reported: "We have seen no evidence that the proceeds of these loans were, at least to the knowledge of anyone at N.B.G., used outside the Carter peanut business."

The report did, however, detail a sometimes sloppy relationship between Lance's bank and the Carter enterprise in Plains. Lance built a new warehouse and to construct a peanut sheller at one time totaled about \$1 million. On two occasions, the bank reduced the interest rates on these loans, eventually to a rate of 1% percentage points above the prime rate. At the time of the last rate reduction on the construction loan, the prime rate, which banks charge their most cred-

it-worth customers, was 7%. Said Lance: "There were good and sufficient banking reasons for those decisions, and any implication or statement that they were not in that regard would be a misstatement."

But there was a second set of loans that even the N.B.G. directors acknowledged had been "poorly managed." Two lines of credit were opened by the Carters in 1975 and 1976 to finance the purchase and storage of peanuts pending their resale. By the time Jimmy was elected President, at least \$3.6 million was outstanding on the loan. The family business was supposed to keep on hand a fixed amount of peanuts or, if they had been sold, to pay the proceeds to the bank.

However, the Carter family business had been receiving from customers checks that had been drawn on insufficient funds and thus could not be cashed. At one point, the value of the collateral had fallen to \$357,000, while the loan balance totaled \$833,000. In June 1977, the bank asked Billy to stop using that account.

The White House last week moved quickly to dissociate the President from Brother Billy's banking. Since Jimmy Carter took office, his 62% share of the family business has been in a blind trust managed by Atlanta Attorney Charles Kirbo. When Kirbo discovered the relaxed management, he quickly moved to straighten out the mess.

Despite the N.B.G. directors' report, Lance is still not in the clear. Left unresolved by the bank report is the grand jury investigation into his banking practices. Some result of that probe is expected in six to eight weeks. ■

Indictment

Anger over Abzug firing

Jimmy Carter campaigned as the man who wanted to do for women's rights what Lyndon Johnson had done for civil rights. He proudly appointed women to one-fifth of the top Government jobs—"more than any previous President." Yet last week most leaders of the women's movement were angrily questioning Carter's commitment to women's equality.

"What happened was an indictment of all women," said National Republican Chair Mary Crisp.

"They seriously misjudged the depth of the women's movement," said Ellie Smeal, president of the National Organization for Women.

"This is symbolic of the way women's issues are treated—as a joke," said Nancy Neuman, second vice president of the League of Women Voters.

The source of the indignation was Carter's abrupt dismissal of assertive ex-Congresswoman Bella Abzug as co-chair of the National Advisory Committee for Women, an action the President apparently thought would cause little trouble. To his surprise, 26 of the 40 members of the committee, including Co-Chair Car-

men Delgado Votaw, resigned in protest.

Abzug's appointment had been opposed from the beginning by Rosalynn Carter and Daughter-in-Law Judy Carter, who reluctantly agreed to the arguments of top White House Aides Jody Powell, Stuart Eizenstat and Anne Wexler that the choice would improve Carter's standing with liberals. Abzug's outspoken style rankled, but there was a more fundamental disagreement about what the committee was supposed to do. The women believed that they had a mandate from the White House to advise the President on how to achieve full equality for women, as outlined at the 1977 Houston women's conference. Says Abzug: "We were an independent voluntary body meant to advise, not just consent."

Carter apparently thought the committee would be more of a ladies' auxiliary. Its budget was a minuscule \$300,000, mostly in services. Abzug had to negotiate for the loan of office space and staff. All members served without pay.

continuation of programs for education and training of women. The President responded by saying the committee should give him more support. Both sides later accused each other of having "lectured."

After the meeting, Abzug was asked to meet with Jordan and Presidential Counsel Robert Lipschutz. Having received Carter's go-ahead, they gave her the choice of resigning or being fired. As reasons, they cited the press release and the cancellation of the December meeting. Abzug protested that she had been responsible for neither. In that case, she was told, she was an inadequate leader. According to Abzug, she was fired "because the President could not accept the criticism of his economic policies. Or because he couldn't fire Billy. I don't know which."

The Administration apparently felt that Abzug had little support, but the feminists insisted that she had acted on behalf of the entire committee. Even Marjorie Bell Chambers, president of the



Bella Abzug and President Carter meeting before the ax fell

"They seriously misjudged the depth of the women's movement."

The first meeting with the President was scheduled last December—for 15 minutes. The committee felt that meant the occasion would be merely ceremonial, so it called off the meeting, despite Abzug's warning that this would be impolitic. When the meeting was rescheduled for Jan. 12, the committee prepared a press release in advance, outlining its criticisms of social-spending cuts in Carter's new budget. The release, which included such undiplomatic words as "challenged" and "unacceptable," reached White House Aides Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell as they were celebrating Jerry Rafshoon's 45th birthday. Outraged, the White House staffers decided Bellia had to go.

Carter agreed, but wanted to wait to give the final nod until after his meeting with the committee. Eight members, including Abzug, spoke of their concern about the impact on women of Carter's anti-inflation policies. They asked for



American Association of University Women, who did not resign, said, "I'm right with everybody on the issues." Chambers was persuaded by White House Women's Adviser Sarah Wedington to take over temporarily as new chair of the committee. The Administration's hope is that many of those who resigned will reconsider. Said one White House staffer: "We'll keep making overtures to them, and they'll come quietly dribbling back."

But most women's leaders believe that an entirely new committee will have to be created. Last weekend the resigning members met in Washington to plan their next steps. As Ellie Smeal said: "We will go on working together. Our solidarity is a reality that has been building since Houston." At the very least, the ousting of Bella Abzug drew attention to the criticism of Carter's policies by a hitherto obscure committee. It also added to Abzug's famous hat collection a martyr's crown. ■

Nation

Going Free In Tennessee

Blanton releases 23 murderers

"This takes guts," remarked Tennessee Governor Ray Blanton last week as he signed an official document.

Yeah," replied Secretary of State Gentry Crowell as he witnessed the Governor's signature. "Some people have more guts than they've got brains."

This exchange took place late at night after Blanton with just five days left in his term summoned Crowell, a frequent critic, for some last-minute business at the Governor's office in Nashville. By the time Blanton finished his evening's work, he had pardoned or commuted the prison sentences of 52 felons, including 23 murderers and 15 armed robbers. "We're under a court order to reduce the prison population," said the Governor with a smile.

Blanton's actions set off a wave of shock and disbelief among Tennesseans. Throughout his four years in office, his policy on pardons and commutations has been under attack. In all some 600 pardons and clemency documents were issued. They were first signed by Appointments Secretary Kenneth Lavender, but were ruled invalid by a chancery court judge who found that Lavender did not have the authority to approve them. Blanton promptly reissued all of them under his own signature. Last month a federal grand jury began investigating him and his administration on charges of selling pardons and commutations to prisoners. Already arrested on these charges are T. Edward Sisk, the Governor's legal counsel; Charles Benson Jr., the Governor's sex-tradition officer; and State Policeman Fred Taylor. By week's end Justice Department sources said the investigation had been extended beyond the pardons and commutations to include charges of corruption in granting liquor licenses and federal highway contracts.

What most outraged Blanton's critics was the fact that among the convicts he freed last week was Roger Humphreys, 32, whose father Frank is a political ally and former chairman of Blanton's patronage committee in Washington County. Young Humphreys was serving a 20-year term in the Tennessee State Penitentiary for having murdered his ex-wife and her lover in 1973. He was convicted of killing the two after first having breakfast with them at his ex-wife's apartment. He had used a double-barreled derringer, reloading it at least eight times, to stitch an eleven-shot circle in her back and to pump six shots into her boyfriend. At his trial, Humphreys claimed that he could not remember what had happened, except that he had cuddled his former wife in his arms and begged her not to die.

Humphreys has long benefited from



Former Governor Ray Blanton
"We did the right and proper thing."

Blanton's particular quantity of mercy. Two months after entering prison, Humphreys was made a trustee, assigned to work as a photographer for the state's tourist development department, loaned a state-owned automobile and even given an expense account. On one trip, he took along his second wife Leslie to photograph a golf tournament. Blanton had defended Humphreys as a "fine young man" and vowed to release him before leaving office, despite the opposition of a citizens' review panel and members of the



Convicted Murderer Humphreys
"A fine young man."

state legislature. After his release from prison last week, Humphreys picked up Leslie and went into seclusion.

Among other commutations signed by Blanton last week was one for Katie Browder Stricklin, 40, convicted in 1972 for the strychnine poisonings of her mother and father-in-law. She had been acquitted of killing her father and mother-in-law, despite indications that their deaths also resulted from poisoning.

Thirty-six hours after the sentences were commuted, U.S. Attorney Harold D. Hardin warned Governor-elect Lamar Alexander that Blanton was about to release additional convicts, reportedly including Eddie ("Dusty") Denton, 25, a convicted murderer serving 60 years, for whom an \$85,000 down payment had allegedly been made on a commutation that was supposed to cost \$200,000.

With that, Alexander arranged to take his oath three days early. The new Governor then ordered Fred Thompson, former chief minority counsel to the Senate Watergate Committee, to take charge of all pardon and commutation documents. Immediately after the swearing-in ceremony, agents of the FBI and Tennessee Bureau of Criminal Identification swept through the capitol, searching filing cabinets for evidence and handing out subpoenas requiring some of Blanton's aides and close friends to appear before the federal grand jury. The agents wedged shut the door to the Governor's office, barring Blanton and his aides from removing any documents.

Even as power changed hands, Blanton attempted to pardon more prisoners. Lewis Domelson, an aide to the new Governor, discovered Blanton's counsel, Robert Lillard, busily drafting new executive clemency documents in a tiny office in the darkened capitol. Lillard claimed Blanton still held his gubernatorial powers, but gave up his work when Domelson phoned Blanton to inform him that he would be forbidden to enter the capitol to sign any new orders. "By whose authority?" demanded Blanton. Replied Domelson. "By the authority of the new Governor."

Blanton's 52 pardons and paroles were promptly challenged by John J. Hooker Jr., a Nashville lawyer who has long opposed Blanton's leniency with prisoners. He asked a state court to void the last-minute releases. But Governor Alexander said he was doubtful that the releases could be rescinded.

Republican State Senator Victor Ashe was so angry with Blanton that he promised to seek removal of the ex-Governor's name from three state college buildings. Said Ashe: "Students attending classes in them may be inclined to cheat." Later, from the steps of his private suburban home, Blanton, a former three-term member of Congress, offered no apologies. Said he, "History will record that we did the right and proper thing."

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Colombian hillside where TIME correspondent was shot at. Insets: Wreck on a Guajira strip; plane load of grass seized in Georgia

SHERMAN—CAMERAS



COVER STORY

Nation

The Colombian Connection

How a billion-dollar network smuggles pot and coke into the U.S.

Like a bird searching for scraps of food, the little Cessna circled lazily over the green hillside. Below, everything looked peaceful. The one thatched hut nestled in a clearing appeared deserted. This was remote Guajira province in northern Colombia, which stretches from the Caribbean up into the rugged hills and ravines of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta. Suddenly three shots rang out, reported TIME Correspondent Donald Neff. His Cessna twisted into a steep climb and fled to safety.

The farmers of Guajira do not like visitors from inquisitive reporters or other strangers. They have good reason. For the grassy harvest ripening in the sun is marijuana, a luxurious marijuana of heady

strength known as Santa Marta Gold. Most of it is destined for the U.S., where the 42 million Americans who have tried pot have made smoking it the most widely accepted illegal indulgence since drinking during Prohibition. They now consume about 130,000 lbs. per day, quadruple the 1974 consumption, and they spend \$25 billion per year on their pleasure. Mexico provided most of the best marijuana until two years ago, when the government there began cracking down on drug smugglers and spraying marijuana fields with the herbicide paraquat. Colombia moved rapidly to fill the gap. It now provides roughly two-thirds of all the pot smoked in the U.S. "Colombia is the largest supplier of marijuana

in the world," says Peter Bensinger, head of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. "It's a trafficker's paradise."

This is the Colombian Connection, a network of farmers, smugglers, brokers and fixers that extends more than 5,000 miles from Bogota to the great markets of New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. It owns an armada of ships and planes, and it has recruited an army of bush pilots, seamen, electronics experts, roustabouts and cutthroats. Through the Mafia it is starting to move in on this stream of gold, the connection is still operated mainly by Colombians (some 70,000 families are believed to be involved), most of them novices or small-time entrepreneurs. It is by far the largest business in Colombia.

providing more revenue than coffee; it is also, astonishingly enough, the largest retail business in Florida. Those who enjoy smoking the weed may regard the traffic as essentially harmless, but wherever the Colombian Connection extends, it spreads violence and corruption.

Although marijuana is its main product, Colombia is also America's chief cocaine supplier, processing paste from the leaves of the coca plant, grown in the Andes, into the snowy-white chic drug of the 1970s. About 2 million Americans pay \$20

ernment officials winked at or even sponsored the drug traffic. That changed, however, with the election last June of Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala, 62, former ambassador to Washington, as President.

Until then nobody had any idea of just how big Colombia's marijuana crop was. Former Assistant Attorney General Rodolfo García Ordóñez doubted reports that 25,000 acres were being used to grow marijuana. To disprove what he considered wild over-

estimates, he took a three-day helicopter tour of the northern provinces and made a "strict calculation." His final report: the weed was flourishing on not 25,000 but about 250,000 acres in Guajira. Perhaps 50,000 more acres are cultivated in the southern plains. "I was shocked," he said. "No one thought the problem could be of such dimensions." At a maximum yield, such fields have a potential of producing annually 6 billion lbs. of marijuana, each pound worth \$600 on American streets.

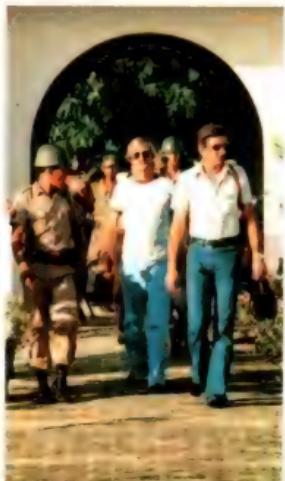
A Colombian marijuana grower gets



Colombian troops in Guajira searching civilians and burning confiscated pot. The white parcels are fake Quaaludes, the newest illicit export

billion annually for 66,000 lbs. of the stuff, and Colombia provides about 80% of it. It is the fashionable drug among movie stars, pop singers and jet-setters. As Robert Sabbag wrote in *Snow Blind*, his hip account of the cocaine trade: "To snort cocaine is to make a statement. It is like flying to Paris for breakfast." Those who have been arrested for possessing it include Rolling Stones Guitarist Keith Richard, New York Rangers Forward Don Murdoch, TV Star Louise Lasser, Conductor Michael Tilson Thomas and one of the owners of Manhattan's top discotheque, Studio 54, where a flashing light tableau shows the man in the moon sniffing coke from a spoon.

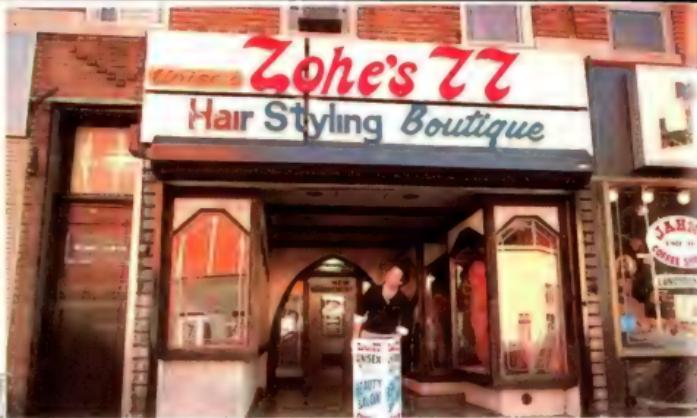
Why did Colombia, a relatively backward land, become the world's drug provider? One reason is that climate and soil conditions in the Andes are ideal for growing high-quality marijuana. Another is that Guajira is remote and inaccessible, hard to police from Bogota, with a long and irregular Caribbean shoreline that is ideal for smugglers. Still another reason is that after World War II, Colombia was prey to 15 years of civil strife, generally known simply as "La Violencia." That left 200,000 dead and a society habituated to frontier justice and pervasive corruption. There were widespread rumors that gov-



Pilot Davis and associates going to jail
They naively make up the same lies

only about 1% of what his harvest will eventually be worth, \$6 per lb., but that is five or six times as profitable as growing coffee, corn or cotton. Despite the fact that the government has begun cracking down (it has burned more than 2,000 tons of marijuana since autumn), it is not inclined to be too harsh on the farmers. Says Jose Miguel Garavito, the swashbuckling operations officer of the Attorney General's antidrug unit: "It is hard to blame a farmer who is growing corn and earning a few pesos for switching when he seen his neighbors working no harder to grow marijuana and earning lots of pesos. The traffickers come in, give them the seeds and then collect the crop."

It comes in many varieties. The "ca-laduras," or crop tasters, report that although Santa Marta Gold is still the most famous of the Colombian line, the Arhuaco Indians in the higher altitudes are growing an even more potent variety of pot. Mona (blond) plants so pale that they look bleached. The Cielo Azul heights produce a pale plant known as Blue Sky Blond, developed as a hybrid two years ago with seeds from Thailand. Even the arid and low-lying fields of the Guajira peninsula, which are irrigated and farmed with tractors, grow a good



Gathering coca leaves in the Andes; a shop in Jackson Heights, N.Y., once owned by an accused cocaine dealer

Smugglers hide it inside of furniture, candy bars, saddles, toothpaste tubes, water skis and bottles of whisky.

green grass. The broiling sun forces the plants up to 15 ft. within six months and infuses them with an abundance of powerful resin. The emerging new drug-cultivation area is the Llanos plains, on the edge of the Amazon jungle, where pruning has improved the original coarse green coca.

Samples of all these varieties can be found in Bogota's dope marketplace, just behind the Bogota Hilton. One of the traders, known only as Ricardo, touts a red hashish from the Llanos area. He waves a smoldering lump of it on the tip of a needle in front of his clients. As the smoke does its magic, he smiles and exhorts the potential buyers. "Just taste the quality."

Cocaine, which reaches the U.S. through the Colombian network, often does not originate in Colombia. Most coca shrubs grow in neighboring Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, where the Indians of the Andes have chewed the leaves for more than 2,500 years. According to legend, the founder of the Inca dynasty, Manco Capac, brought coca to earth from his father, the sun. The Indians used it to dull their hunger, cold and weariness. (When Georgia Pharmacist John Styth Pemberton invented Coca-Cola, he included small amounts of cocaine to "cure your headache" and "relieve fatigue," but the drug was eliminated from the syrup shortly after 1900.) Colombia's role in the coke trade is middleman and processor. At kitchen labs dotted around the country, coca leaves brought in from all over the Andes are distilled into a paste and then converted into a base (150 lbs. of leaves make 1 lb. of base, worth more than \$2,000). In a final stage, this base is crystallized into 1 lb. of pure cocaine, for which a smuggler will pay \$7,000.

On a slightly higher level of technology, Colombia drug traffickers have started to manufacture and smuggle other drugs, most notably a counterfeit line of Quaaludes, a prescription brand of the

sedative methaqualone. At least five presses for making the white pills have been smuggled into Colombia recently. For 10¢ apiece, they churn out tablets of methaqualone that are being popped at 35 times that price in the U.S. Last month, during a raid on a marijuana warehouse on the Guajira peninsula, soldiers found a million fake Quaaludes.

The fortune brought in by drugs has created an underground economy that fuels Colombia's 20% inflation. Prices of land and homes in coastal areas like Santa Marta have rocketed. Rolls-Royces and \$30,000 beds with built-in stereos are among the signs of the drug traders' conspicuous consumption. Also being purchased by traffickers: Colombia's judges, customs agents and police. The jail in the capital of the Guajira is so corrupted that the army has quit sending captured smugglers there. They routinely escape.

The big money in the Colombian drug operations goes not to those who grow

narcotics or process them, but to those who get them to the American consumer. One way to get the drugs out is to fly them from one of the hundreds of clandestine airstrips that have been bulldozed in Guajira peninsula. The Colombian army's map of the region is speckled with 150 pinpoints, but an officer admits, "There are so many illegal airstrips we don't really count them."

"The Americans stupidly land here, and then they naively make up the same lies to explain their presence," according to General Jose Maria Villareal Abarca, commander in the northern provinces. "They say they got lost." Shortly after he spoke, one of his deputies came in and reported that three Americans had been caught making an emergency landing. The general went to investigate.

"Gosh," said Donald Davis, 36, a former employee of the Michigan state police who was co-piloting the lumbering old DC-6. "I don't know what all the ac-



Nation

tivity is about. We were headed for Costa Rica from Florida when our navigation went out. We were down to our last drop of fuel when we landed."

In Pilot Riddel Marvin's pocket, however, the authorities found evidence indicating another objective: a smudged note giving the coordinates of a large clandestine airstrip in the area. The army, tipped off by the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, had been waiting for the three Americans. According to intelligence, they were supposed to pick up six tons of grass and another American, who had been arrested last November after illegally flying into the country. The three are now being held in Colombia on illegal-entry charges, and DEA officials say they may be prosecuted for conspiracy to smuggle when allowed to return to the U.S.

Getting caught is not the only risk facing drug pilots. The peninsula is littered with planes that were overloaded with tons of marijuana and crashed while trying to take off. General Villarreal says he has found, within four months, eleven downed planes and the bodies of ten smugglers. Local fishermen tell tales of planes crashing into the sea and their crews being devoured by sharks.

Finding a safe landing field in the U.S. on the return run is not easy either, but more and more crude landing strips have appeared in rural areas in the South. One pair of hapless smugglers this month made it all the way into the U.S. only to land in a Florida pasture being used by local politicians for a turkey shoot. The pilot was promptly arrested. But for those who make it in safely, and most do, the payoff is high. A pilot can pocket \$50,000 for one trip. Ten tons of marijuana, if landed safely, immediately becomes worth \$6 million wholesale, making the trip profitable even if the old plane must be abandoned on its makeshift runway in the woods.

Air transport is only one of marijuana's ways north. Colombia has 1,300 miles of jagged coastline, from which it is easy enough to load 20 tons or more of grass aboard freighters, trawlers or large (often stolen) yachts. These mother ships, as they are called, are monitored by the U.S. Coast Guard at a series of "choke points" as they work their way north through the Caribbean. But American authorities have little power as long as the drug ships hover outside the twelve-mile limit of U.S. territorial waters. Using sophisticated electronic equipment, the smugglers on these mother ships monitor Government surveillance and attempt to rendezvous with souped-up speedboats and pleasure craft that dart out from the U.S. coast at night on duty-free shopping sprees, just as in the old rum-running days of Prohibition.

The Winnebago lurking on the shore of Chesapeake Bay one recent weekend looked like any other mobile camper, but

with the radio scanner and communication equipment inside, it resembled a war room in the Pentagon. As a command post for the onshore operations of a marijuana-smuggling confederacy, it had been monitoring the area's police for a week, preparing for a mother ship's arrival in nearby waters. The camper was in contact with small trucks and vans waiting along the coast for the merchandise. As the ship reached the southern tip of Assateague Island, five miles off Virginia, the camper, using code that would bewilder a CB buff, arranged meetings with the contact speedboats and guided them back to rendezvous points on the shore.

When the Coast Guard gets a break, it is often by chance: Coast Guardsmen had boarded one mother ship last July



Heady Santa Marta Gold, bursting with resin
"Just taste the quality."

when a smuggler's plane, unaware of the seizure, flew over and dropped a note giving directions for a rendezvous with a cabin cruiser. The officers dressed up as deck hands, kept the appointment with the yacht, sold three 80-lb. bales of grass, and then arrested the American buyers. For each such capture, the Coast Guard cutter gets to display a marijuana leaf on its hull.

Despite the ever larger captures (more than 5 million lbs. of marijuana in the first nine months of last year, compared with 2 million lbs. in all of 1977), Coast Guard Admiral John Hayes admits, "We are at almost a wartime status, but we are interdicting only about 10% of the illegal drugs coming in." Most dealers feel even that is an overestimation. Successful smugglers hardly bother to hide their activities. Two Florida brothers, Tracy and Darrell Boyd, once donated \$10,000 to

the muscular-dystrophy telethon signing themselves "the blockade runners."

Cocaine too is carried on mother ships and lumbering old planes, but since it is so much more compact than marijuana, and worth almost six times its weight in gold, there are simpler methods of shipment. A commercial air traveler flying from Bogotá can make \$10,000 tax free by carrying a pound about the size of a paperback book. Many passengers do. They carry the white powder on their bodies, inside candy bars or toothpaste tubes, under slightly askew wigs, sewn into leather saddles.

Major coke dealers have bought furniture factories, which churn out coke-filled lamps and stools for the discerning buyer. Forty pounds of coke was recently seized in a load of South American furniture being trucked from Grand Rapids to Detroit. Compressing machines have allowed exporters to conceal their coke inside products ranging from record jackets to water skis. Cocaine can even be dissolved in liquor or perfume (it is easily recovered after passing customs). Water containing dissolved cocaine can be soaked into cotton clothes and retrieved days later with a loss of only about 10%. Middle-size traders often hire "mules," innocent-looking travelers, to walk their goods through customs; they profess ignorance if caught. A former Los Angeles probation officer and his Colombian wife were arrested with five associates last month; 6 lbs of coke were concealed in the soles of their wedge shoes.

Brannif Flight 922 from Bogotá to Los Angeles is nicknamed "the cocaine special." One scam is for a passenger to hide the powder somewhere on the plane, clear customs in Los Angeles, reboard the plane for the continuation to San Francisco, then collect his hidden coke. Panel bolts in many planes are visibly worn from smugglers' screwdrivers. Four unclaimed kilos were found last month in one jet's nose cone.

Yet another smuggling technique involves an artful use of the mails. Phil is a young entrepreneur from

Chicago who went to Colombia last year on vacation. Like many vacationing students, he happened to stumble across someone in the "snow" business. Nervous but eager, he went one night to see his new friend Rafael at a house on a back street of Bogotá's barrio. He had to bring \$3,000. Rafael was holding a .38-cal. automatic when he opened the door, but he was ready to deal. For two hours they packaged 18-gram portions of cocaine in cellophane, attached them to greeting cards with flypaper and placed the cards in business envelopes. At different intervals and from different places, the cards, 47 in all, were mailed to the business address of one of Phil's friends in Chicago. Phil never opened the envelopes; he merely picked them up and delivered them to a local dealer recommended by Rafael.

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charging him \$1,000 an oz. For his work and \$3,000 investment, Phil made \$25,000. He repeated the scam for a few more months, then, \$100,000 later, he pocketed his winnings and retired.

Despite such examples of outsiders' getting involved, the Colombians have been fairly successful in keeping the traffic to themselves. They can recognize each other by their accents, and their clannishness has made it difficult for the police to infiltrate their operations.

The cocaine distribution capital of America today is probably Jackson Heights, a quiet, middle-class residential section of Queens in New York City, within walking distance of La Guardia Airport. Despite the elevated train tracks over Roosevelt Avenue, the neighborhood

is neat and clean and, except for those in the drug trade, safe. At present 200,000 Colombian immigrants live there, most of them working in garment factories or running small legitimate businesses. But in the early '70s, half a dozen Colombian gangs, a network of perhaps 1,000, established the connection there.

"Restrepo" is 22, about average age for that specialist known as a cocaine diver. He is darker skinned than most Colombians and a good swimmer, both characteristics common to people from the Buenaventura coastal area where he was born. His role is to retrieve a 4-lb. waterproof bag of cocaine dumped overboard from a Grancolombiana line

freighter docked at the Atlantic Avenue wharf in Brooklyn. He works at night, wearing a black wetsuit, and he is very cautious. A similar diver, Carlos Riascos, had his throat slit and body dumped in the river as he clambered ashore with his catch. Restrepo is also honest, at least to his trade; another diver, Astiel Alomia, who decided last spring to keep his valuable garbage bag, was shot and killed. Restrepo brings the package to a sparsely furnished \$300-a-month apartment his boss has rented in a quiet building just off Roosevelt Avenue. His fee for a night's work: \$2,000.

The boss, "Martinez," has five divers working for him. He cuts the coke by 50% with borax, a cheap powder that adds a lot of weight but nothing else to the once

The Medical View



It is used as an aphrodisiac, but Indian monks take it to repress physical desires. Caribbean laborers use it by day as an "energizer," but by night as a sedative. Marijuana is a paradox.

It has been around since at least the 15th century B.C., when it was used in China as an anesthetic, a ritual potion, a condiment and an intoxicant. As it moved on to India and beyond, it was applied to all manner of miseries: allergies, rheumatism, falling hair, tapeworm, leprosy, gonorrhea, failing memory and dandruff. Today marijuana is being considered as a treatment to reduce eyeball pressure in glaucoma patients and to reduce vomiting by cancer patients receiving drug therapy.

Systematic scientific studies of marijuana's benefits or dangers began with the isolation and synthesis in 1965 of the plant's principal psychoactive ingredient—delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol. But that is only one of more than 100 chemical substances in marijuana, some of which exert their own characteristic effects. Further hampering marijuana studies is the difficulty of screening out such other factors as environmental or genetic influences and deciding what constitutes long-term use or heavy use. To date, most results have been based on studies of laboratory animals or small groups of healthy young men. Thus little is known about marijuana's effects on the elderly, on pregnant women, and on developing youngsters, an area of particular concern. In addition, the greater strength of the marijuana now being imported from Colombia adds a new dimension to the question.

About the only findings so far that have widespread support are the drug's effects on the heart and the lungs. Marijuana accelerates the rate at which the heart contracts and may temporarily weaken the strength of the contractions, making it potentially dangerous for people with certain cardiac conditions. Smoking pot irritates the lungs and throat and can result in "joint cough." Long-term use may impair the lungs. Other tentative findings:

Immunity. Some studies have shown a marked reduction in white blood cell response, the body's prime defense against infection, in marijuana smokers.

Chromosomes. Human cell cultures from pot users have shown breaks in the chromosomes carrying genetic information, or reduced numbers of chromosomes.

Endocrine Function. Levels of testosterone, the male sex hormone, have been reported to drop with long-term pot intake. While the levels remained within normal range, the drop might reduce potency and fertility.

A number of psychological problems have also been associated with marijuana use. The most common is described as "acute panic anxiety reaction." It is seen most frequently in inexperienced users, but can also follow an unexpectedly high dose. Transient feelings of mild paranoia are fairly common in users, especially those who are anxious about the experience to start with. Prolonged or long-term effects of marijuana use are an area of much dispute. There have been reports of psychotic reactions, personality change, impaired learning ability and development of a chronic lethargy. By no means all doctors are convinced, however, that marijuana is the real cause of these reactions.

If the scientific studies of marijuana are uncertain, the studies on cocaine are even more mysterious. When the drug's active ingredient was chemically isolated in the 1860s, doctors soon found that cocaine was valuable as a local anesthetic. They also found that it acted as a very pleasant stimulant. Young Sigmund Freud used it and advocated it: "The psychic effect consists of exhilaration and lasting euphoria."

Scientists still do not know how it produces its psychic effects, but they believe it somehow causes a buildup of "neurotransmitters," substances that make possible the movement of impulses across nerve endings. It also causes an increase in heart rate and blood pressure, and some of its other consequences are distinctly unpleasant. Prolonged use sometimes causes the nasal tissues to wear away so that the nose itself collapses. Chronic use may lead to a psychosis most resembling alcoholic DTs. Overdoses, particularly when injected, can lead to convulsions, heart and respiratory failure and death.

Neither cocaine nor marijuana in commonly used doses causes withdrawal symptoms when use is stopped. Many doctors believe, however, that some people can easily become psychologically dependent on the two drugs and the effects they produce.



Snorting coke at a party



Or buy a Volkswagen.

Volkswagen makes the 3 highest mileage cars in America: the Rabbit Diesel 5-speed, Rabbit Diesel 4-speed and the Dasher Diesel.
Rabbit Diesel 5-speed, est. 41 mpg, 55 mpg est. hwy. mileage. Rabbit Diesel 4-speed, est. 32 mpg, 50 mpg est. hwy. Dasher Diesel, est. 30 mpg, 46 mpg est. hwy.
Compare these EPA est. to the est. mpg of others cars. Your mileage may vary with speed, weather and trip length. Hwy. mileage will probably be less.

Nation



Arrested Colombians on Coast Guard cutter
Rolls-Royces and 530,000 bds

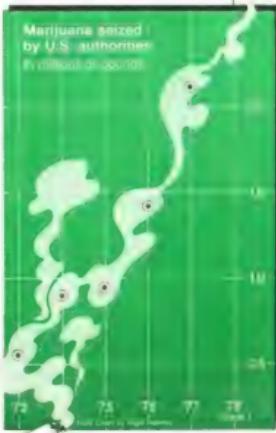
pure coke. At each stage of dealing, the coke will be cut with substances such as procaine, lactose, or—for an extra buzz—amphetamines. When finally consumed, it may be no more than 10% pure. Martinez deals only with people he knows well. It is up to these additional middlemen, who know the right artists and hairdressers and doormen, to push it further toward the users.

Around midnight, Martinez drops by a club he frequents on Atlantic Avenue carrying a pack of his 50% pure. By day the club is a pleasant bar and restaurant, but when the last diners leave, the door is locked and only the select can enter. The man who answers the door after three quick knocks nobs Martinez into the red-draped dark room, with music blaring from a four-piece Latin band. After a round of beer with his friend the middleman, Martinez makes the transaction and goes home.

Although Jackson Heights is a quiet neighborhood, the cocaine dealing is dangerous. At least 14 murders there last year were related to the drug trade. Oscar Toro was part of the coke-smuggling gang of Alberto Bravo, in charge of laundering money and sending it from Jackson Heights to Bogota. One day, perhaps because it was suspected that he had skimmed some of the cash or cooperated with the police, Toro returned home to find his five-year-old daughter hanged from a rafter in the basement. The bodies of his ten-year-old son and the family's babysitter were later found nearby in an abandoned post office. Toro and his wife offered the police no help, and the murders have never been solved.

Violence among traffickers seems to be part of the trade. In the Guajira capital of Riohacha, 92 people were killed in drug wars within a period of two months. In Florida, there have been 27 unsolved drug-related murders in the past year. One case that was solved was the death of Robert Topping, son of former New York Yankee Owner Dan Topping. He was abducted from the Miami airport, robbed of \$47,000 he had brought to buy cocaine, stabbed 33 times and dumped on a Miami street. Barry Adler, 19, was sentenced to life in prison plus 99 years for the crime. Said he at his sentencing: "I'm a young boy and not prepared for it."

The Mafia underestimated the American appetite for drugs and has been unable to dominate the lucrative cocaine and marijuana market. This fits the pattern established at the 1957 Apalachin, N.Y., meeting of Mafia dons, where Carlo Gambino counseled that the drug trade was bringing too much heat. A number of old-line families moved out of the business then and have stayed out. But there is so much money involved, police report, that four families—the old Lucchese, Colombo, Bonanno and Genovese clans—are starting to move in after all. One group of Italians was discussing the cocaine trade in the back room of a Bronx restaurant not long ago when they were visited by a pair of Colombians, one of whom had a machine gun. The gun jammed, and the Italians and Colombians ran off in different directions.



DEA agent with captured coke and pot

"We are interdicting only about 10%."

tions. Says New York Narcotics Officer Bob Mogevardo: "When push comes to shove, watch out."

American enforcement, like Colombia's, is hampered by corruption. Says Dade County, Fla., Chief of Narcotics Investigation Jack Rafferty: "The money floating around has the potential to corrupt nearly anyone." Coast Guard officers have reported attempted bribes of as much as \$15,000, and one secretary working for the DIA in Florida went to jail for stealing secret intelligence files. In Key West, four city police were charged last September with serving as lookouts while marijuana was unloaded at a city dock by a smuggling ring. In Jamaica Bay, Long Island, a fishing boat named *The Darlene C*, carrying 30 tons of marijuana, was seized last November, but the customs and Coast Guard officers let the two dozen smugglers escape during the bungled and uncoordinated raid. TIMI has learned that the smugglers fled because they were tipped off by a well-placed informant in one of the law enforcement agencies. To top that, 1,300 lbs. of Colombian Gold, most of it from the raided boat, were stolen from a "secret" DEA warehouse just three weeks later, once again on the basis of an inside tip.

At the source, however, a major crackdown has been ordered by Colombian President Turbay Ayala. The various Colombian agencies combatting drugs have been unified as a new group, the Judicial Police. Inefficiency and bureaucratic jealousy got the agency off to a slow start; the military, in fact, refused to supply Judicial Police with weapons. U.S. officials ended

up smuggling 100 pistols in to them past Colombian customs. Last fall the Colombian army placed the Guajira peninsula under military restrictions, and within two months, the government claims to have captured 15 planes, including a four-engine DC-6; seized 36 boats; confiscated 259 weapons, including an American M-16; and arrested 318 people. More than 3,000 troops are taking part in the effort. Says General Villarreal: "There are so many fields under marijuana cultivation that we couldn't possibly destroy them all. So we are operating against the warehouse and loading areas, the beaches and air strips. The traffickers have already suffered major injury because they can't move the marijuana out and it's losing its potency." But there is no evidence yet that the crackdown has made a major dent in the flow of grass.

To strengthen customs work in the U.S., the Government is training agents to use the Air Force's new AWAC (airborne warning and control system) planes to track small aircraft from Colombia. Last week, the AWAC plane, at 29,000 ft., spotted a twin-engined D-18 moving north along the Florida coast and alerted customs and police. They seized 1,600 lbs. of Colombian pot shortly after the D-18 landed near Fort Lauderdale. Says Coast Guard Commandant John Hayes: "For once we have something more sophisticated than smugglers can buy."

DEA Chief Bensinger outlines other measures he hopes will cut down the drug flow: "We are going to catch up by hitting their financial base, seizure of assets, real estate, all of the investments that go into a criminal organization. Then get penalties commensurate with the criminal profits: the returns for a smuggler far exceed the risks. Also, we hope to promote a better understanding of the health hazards. And in Colombia, you need the type of commitment that will stop production at the source."

TIME has learned from Latin American sources that the DEA is readying a blockbuster cocaine conspiracy case, involving indictments in four countries, to be made public within two months. The case, part of which has been presented to a San Diego grand jury, involves dozens of people, including high-ranking diplomats and airline officials in the U.S., Colombia, Peru and Mexico, who are accused of trading cocaine worth almost \$500 million wholesale.

Current attempts to stamp out Colombia's drugs still seem to be mere stopgaps, however, ineffectual against the tide of American demand for, and tolerance of, marijuana and cocaine. Says Bensinger: "Our efforts are so uphill that it is more than a challenge. The public attitude must change about drugs so the profitability for traffickers will decrease." On this point, Colombian President Turbay agrees: "Colombians are not corrupting Americans. You are corrupting us. If you abandon illegal drugs, the traffic will disappear." ■

The Case of Agent Barrio



In a bed at the Santa Rosa Medical Center in San Antonio, periodically plugged into life-support systems, lies Santo Alessandro Barrio, 42, once a crack undercover agent for the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). He has lain there more than a month. His eyes always open, his brain waves showing no sign of activity, except for occasional convulsions. He is a victim—for reasons that remain mysterious—of the international drug trade.

Barrio was a policeman in his native Italy until 1960, when he met his first wife and followed her to Detroit and then Washington. There he got a job as an investigator for the IRS Intelligence Division, infiltrating organized crime syndicates in Boston, New Orleans and Detroit. He became a federal narcotics agent in 1969. He is believed to have posed as a gambler in the Bahamas, dropping federal money at the roulette wheels of Paradise Island. He liked to wear Cardin suits and Dior shirts. Acting under cover, he became the lover of the mistress of a French heroin ring boss, cracking a drug and counterfeit network extending from France to the U.S. and Canada. Working with New York City's Knapp Commission looking into police corruption, he helped convict an assistant district attorney of bribery. He was brought in from the cold in 1975 to become head of the DEA enforcement section in Mexico City, charged with investigating the flow of drugs from Latin America.

His striking good looks had always added to his James Bond panache, but last year he began to hear the winged chariot of middle age. He became depressed and nervous. His dark, curly hair started falling out, and he lost weight. He wanted to see a psychiatrist, but feared it would hurt his career. He was obsessed with producing a dramatic dope bust that involved trapping cocaine traffickers from South America and France in one place. To make his case, he relied heavily on a longtime DEA informant, a French Canadian who calls himself Claude. Picault

Last April, Picault helped Barrio set up a raid in Mexico City that netted 33 lbs. of Colombian cocaine. Barrio turned in 22 lbs. to the DEA, but let Picault keep the rest. Barrio insisted later to his second wife and his lawyer that he was following standard procedure, allowing an informant to have some confiscated cocaine as a bonus to keep him loyal.

Picault, however, had a different story and in September told it to the DEA in Paris. Barrio, he said, had allowed him to keep the coke in order to split the profits from its sale. DEA investigators eavesdropped as Picault set up a meeting with Barrio in Chicago's O'Hare Airport, and they were on hand as \$4,000 in marked bills was transferred. A few days later, on Oct. 7, they listened in on another meeting between Picault and Barrio at a San Antonio hotel. Shortly after Barrio accepted \$5,000 from Picault, agents arrested him.

Held on \$500,000 bail, Barrio was sitting in his cell on Dec. 16 when the prisoners were served peanut butter sandwiches. Barrio took one bite of his and threw the rest in the toilet. Moments later he was found in convulsions. He has been in a coma ever since. Initial tests revealed strychnine in his blood; subsequent ones did not. There was no poison found in his sandwich or in a white powder on the cell floor. His wife Joanne doubts the thoroughness of these tests, however. She was not told of the incident until two days later, when she came to the jail for a visit. Says she: "I was told then that Sandy had been poisoned. Those were the warden's words." The Justice Department's Office of Professional Responsibility and Civil Rights Division are investigating.

Federal officials hint that Barrio may have saved an antidepressant drug prescribed by a psychiatrist and either overdosed or committed suicide. That drug did not show up in lab tests either, however. Who had a motive to poison him? Mafia members may have wanted revenge for his undercover work. Or it may have been some of the traffickers against whom Barrio was moving, allegedly including high Latin American officials. Some DEA officials might also have had reason to want Barrio dead, if his trial were to expose illegal acts by certain agents. Says his lawyer: "He had an abiding fear of his own agency, although I have no evidence the DEA did anything to make this happen." The attending physician says there may be a more innocent explanation: "He may have choked on his sandwich." He adds, however, "But I don't think so."



Barrio in 1975

Reining in a Runaway Budget

The White House tries for fiscal belt tightening without much pinch

Of all the ways that inflation can and must be fought, none is more important than beating the bloat out of the federal budget. The fiscal 1980 spending program that Jimmy Carter unveiled this week is a modest, but only modest, success in the struggle. Carter has always described his budgets as lean and tight, and this one, the third of his Administration, is certainly leaner and tighter than the puffed-up document for fiscal 1979 that he sent to Congress a year ago. That said, next year's proposed spending of \$531.6 billion, a 7.7% increase over this year's, is not about to put the economy on the stringent rations that conservatives have been demanding and liberals fearing.

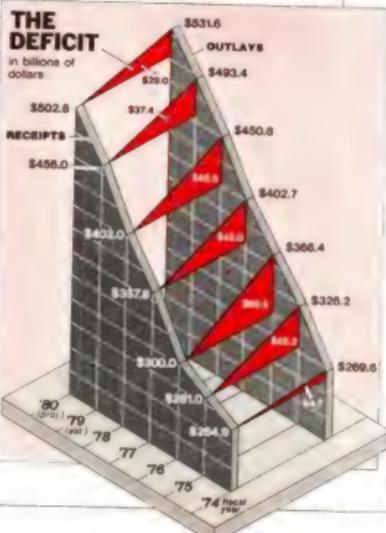
Though the first sentence of the budget describes the package as "lean and austere," a more accurate description is found inside: "Overall, this budget, adjusted for inflation, provides for about the same level of real federal activity in 1980 as in 1978 and 1979." In fact, the document calls for little more than a moderate slowing in the rate of growth of Government expenditures, as well as for a judicious pruning of the deficit, which is projected to decline from its current level of \$37.4 billion to \$29 billion next year. As sketched out by the budget, the theme for fiscal 1980 looks to be belt tightening without the pinch.

Most economists welcomed the thrust of the budget as signaling a new and important appreciation in Washington that Government has to begin at least trying to live within its means. Quipped Alan Greenspan, former economic adviser to President Ford: "It's a good Republican budget." Rather than launching new programs, the budget underscores the national return to the old-time economic values of prudence and restraint. Says Carter in his covering letter to Congress: "I believe that we must firmly limit what the Government taxes and spends. We must balance public and private needs. We must set priorities more carefully. We must change some old priorities and establish new ones. We must defer some of our demands if we are to meet adequately today's most critical needs."

From the White House point of view, the budget's key accomplishment was lowering the pro-



McIntyre displaying his handiwork



jected deficit to \$29 billion. With the economy now in the fourth year of recovery and expansion, there really should be no deficit at all, but attempting to slow the flow of red ink is a move in the right direction. For that, Budget Director James McIntyre deserves much credit. Unlike years past, when Carter involved himself deeply in the budget-drafting process and reviewed the document virtually line by line, this year he left the task largely to McIntyre. The budget boss mainly succeeded in keeping new spending proposals by agency and department heads out of the package. With the President stressing the need for austerity, and McIntyre and his staffers at the Office of Management and Budget having what amounted to carte blanche to cut, Cabinet officers quickly realized that appeals to the White House over OMB reductions were pointless. At the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, for instance, one of the few new programs to survive OMB scrutiny was a \$38 million plan for improving mental health services by the states, and, said one HEW official, "that was only because Rosalynn Carter chairs the President's Commission on Mental Health."

On the other hand, existing programs were not cut much at all. Total spending for HEW rises a bit more than 10%, to \$199.4 billion next year, and the department's share of the budget grows fractionally to 37.5%. Similarly, at Housing and Urban Development, spending is up slightly more than 18%, to \$10.6 billion. Boasted one HUD staffer "We didn't lose one program that we didn't want to lose."

Some of the biggest and most controversial components of the budget are projected to climb most steeply of all. In keeping with a pledge that Carter made to the U.S.'s NATO allies last spring, defense spending will rise 3% in real terms, to \$125.8 billion in fiscal 1980. Much of the increase will go for strengthening U.S. forces in Europe as well as for upgrading the nation's strategic arsenal of nuclear-equipped missiles, planes and submarines in order to improve the Administration's bargaining stance in the current SALT talks with the Soviet Union. Carter proposes, for example, to order the eighth submarine in the \$21 billion-plus Trident program, in

which costs have been shooting out of sight. He also calls for spending \$237.5 million to continue development of the cruise missile system, which the Pentagon wants as a counterweight to the Soviet nuclear strike force.

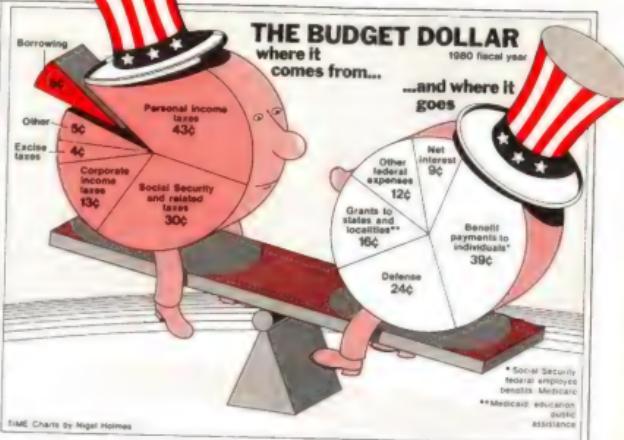
Spending on the panoply of social programs also grows. The cost of funding for Social Security, welfare, food stamps, civil service pensions and other income-security programs leaps 13%, to \$179.1 billion. The trend continues upward largely because expenditures for many programs rise automatically with the rate of inflation. Social Security, at \$115.2 billion, is by far the largest single item in the budget, and the reforms proposed by Carter would save only \$600 million.

There is also a considerable fiddling with programs that ultimately saves very little. For example, the budget calls for an overall decrease of \$446 million in funding for education, training, jobs and other social service programs next year, even though money for educating the handicapped rises sharply, to \$814 million. Funds for public service employment under the CETA program (for Comprehensive Employment and Training Act) are cut by 7%, to \$9.6 billion. CETA is supposed to provide jobs and skills for the hard-core unemployed, but numerous cases of waste and corruption have been uncovered in the system. The program was enacted in 1973 and has never achieved its original goals.

Spending on health, mostly to cover the rocketing costs of Medicare and Medicaid, is projected to rise by about 9%, to \$53.4 billion. It will probably go up much more than that because Congress is not expected to pass Carter's hospital cost containment bill, which would put ceilings on increases in hospital charges.

In spite of the White House preachments about the urgency of the energy crisis, the 16-month-old Department of Energy suffers about the closest to draconian cuts in the entire budget. Spending declines almost 9%, to \$7.9 billion, and solar energy research is the only area with significant increases. One of the biggest losers is the strategic petroleum reserve program, which is designed to stockpile oil in underground caverns in case of another embargo. Its money is being cut by 22%, to \$319 million. That is probably just as well, because problems have lately developed in, of all things, finding ways of pumping the oil back out of the underground storage sites.

All those reductions and raises are what Carter wants, but what he winds up getting in the fiscal year beginning Oct. 1 could be wildly different. The President proposes, for example, to cut the agricultural budget by nearly 31%, yet success depends in no small part on the weather. A bumper crop could depress market prices and force up subsidy price support payments, while bad weather could wreck a harvest and force farmers to draw down more government loans than expected.



TIME Chart by Nigel Holmes

The whole federal budget is riddled with unknowns and guesses about the future. No one can be sure, for instance, just how much the Treasury will have to spend next year to keep rolling over the national debt of some \$780 billion. Next year's budget foresees net interest charges of \$57 billion on that debt, but the cost will be considerably higher unless interest rates decline. At present, 90-day Treasury bills cost the government more than 9% in interest payments, and the budget projects the rate to fall to about 7.6% next year.

In addition, Congress will not go along

with all of Carter's proposed slowdowns in spending. Opposition is strong not only to the hospital cost containment bill but also to the President's plan to eliminate the \$255 burial payment to the family of any Social Security beneficiary who dies. There is powerful sentiment on Capitol Hill to slow the growth of spending, but budget-slashing fever could subside when legislators face up to hard choices about where to cut.

Even if Congress cooperates fully, the deficit could grow much beyond \$29 billion unless the economy behaves the way that the budget predicts. Deficits are the shakiest figures in any President's budget, and next year's look shakier than most. Warns liberal Economist Arthur Okun: "If I were President Carter, I would not put that \$29 billion figure in lights on the Washington Monument."

To keep the deficit from swelling above \$29 billion, the economy will have to grow by at least 2.2% this year and 3.2% during 1980. At the same time, inflation will have to subside from more than 9% at present to about 6% by the end of 1980, while unemployment must not climb above 6.2%. It is almost impossible to say whether those goals will be met. Most economists believe that high interest rates are bound to bring at least a mild recession later this year or early in 1980. That would not only cause tax receipts to fall and unemployment payments to rise but might even panic Congress into quickly enacting a stimulative program that would simply increase the deficit.

On the other hand, waiting for the recession could be like waiting for Godot. Figures released last week showed that even at this late stage of one of the longest peacetime expansions, the economy is surprisingly robust. During the final quarter, last year's production of goods and services grew at a high annual rate of 6.1%. One reason was that the three-year-

HOW WRONG WAS THE PRESIDENT?

Federal deficits in billions of dollars

HIS ESTIMATE		ACTUAL AMOUNT
JOHNSON	+\$ 3.4	-\$ 2.9
NIXON	+\$ 1.3	-\$23.0
1971	-\$ 11.6	-\$23.4
1972	-\$ 25.5	-\$14.9
1973	-\$ 12.7	-\$ 4.7
1974	-\$ 9.4	-\$45.2
FORD	-\$ 51.9	-\$66.4
1976	-\$ 43.0	-\$45.0
1977	-\$ 47.0	-\$48.8
CARTER	-\$60.6	-\$37.4 (est.)
1980	-\$29.0	?
surplus (+), deficit (-)		

Economy & Business

old surge in home construction still has plenty of life left. Starts of new houses and apartments hit a near record annual rate of 2.1 million. Meanwhile, personal income last month once again rose faster than inflation, meaning that family paychecks, as well as receipts from interest payments, dividends and rents, are growing faster than inflation is eroding their value.

Carter's economic advisers point to the statistics as further support for their forecast that there will not be a recession in 1979. Says one ranking Cabinet member: "The weakness of all these forecasters is that they're using the past to predict the future. No one is yet taking into account the new psychology and behavior that is affecting the economy." The new psychology supposedly is that despite warnings of recession, Americans are continuing to borrow and spend because it is hard for them to stay ahead of inflation by saving and investing. Also, people are saving less than in earlier years because

they figure that generous private pensions, Social Security, Medicare, unemployment compensation and other Government programs will take care of them if and when they become aged, ill or jobless. This buy-now psychology is a major reason why the economy continues to grow in spite of rising interest rates and out-of-pocket prices for everything from hamburgers to houses.

Yet it would be foolish to hope that consumer spending will buoy the economy for another several years. Capital spending to build, buy or expand factories and machines is vital for healthy long-term growth and the creation of jobs and wealth. Even though much of America's productive machine is old, and some of it is not competitive against Europe's and Asia's, U.S. businessmen have been reluctant to invest. With inflation raging, they have not been able to calculate that a dollar committed to capital spending today will pay for

itself several years in the future.

There is a tremendous backlog of demand for capital goods building up, but businessmen will be willing to buy and build only when they see that inflation has been curbed. They believe, with much justification, that Government spending is one of the root sources of the inflationary spiral that hurts all Americans. For both psychological and substantive reasons, narrowing the deficit and bringing the budget into balance are vital steps in slowing the rise in prices. During the '60s and early '70s, the budget exploded with a mass of social programs that were perhaps innovative and needed at that time, but the mood and economy of the country have changed. Top OMB officials admit that during nearly a decade, billion-dollar programs were not "rigorously examined." It is time for Carter and Congress to take a more serious look at those decade-old ideas. The budget for next year is a good beginning, but more—much more—needs to be done.

Hit-List Sampler



Porter on rail line

Like tenacious barnacles, many questionable spending programs weigh down the federal budget. Successive Administrations have tried to zap the most outmoded and ineffective of these programs, only to have Congress restore them to please special-interest groups. But this year, the Office of Management and Budget thinks, the mood in the nation is strong enough to cut or eliminate the least useful of these projects. The OMB's hit list appeared in the proposed budget that was sent to Congress last week. A sampler:

Amtrak. Since its beginnings in 1971, the federally funded passenger rail system has been a money loser. Yet people in towns and cities that benefit from the service have made their will felt on Capitol Hill. Government subsidies have steadily swelled, reaching \$779 million in the last fiscal year, or about \$2 in federal funds for every \$1 taken in at Amtrak ticket windows. Insisting that Amtrak will have to improve its management and save money, OMB proposed that the subsidy be cut to \$634 million.

Medical School Capitation Grants. These have been made to medical schools on a per capita basis since 1972 so that they could provide financial aid for needy students to meet a nationwide doctor shortage. Now the shortage is past. But Administration efforts to cut funding for the program have been thwarted by Congress, which authorized payments of \$144 million in the 1979 budget. For the 1980 budget, OMB proposes that the program be killed.

U.S. Travel Service. Created in 1961, it operates offices at home and abroad and has a mixed record of inducing foreigners to visit the U.S. In the last fiscal year the

service spent \$14.1 million on advertising, travelers' aid and other programs. Contending that it has served its purpose and that U.S. airlines, hotel chains and individual states should carry the load, OMB wants to stop all money. Commerce Secretary Juanita Krebs disagrees, and Hawaii's Senator Daniel Inouye promises a fight to continue the service.

Impact School Aid. It began in 1951 to provide aid for school districts encompassing military bases, which sent servicemen's children to local schools without paying local taxes. The program was expanded over the years so that schools in all but a handful of congressional districts are now eligible for the subsidy; any school district can collect if only a few federal civilian or military workers live there. Last fiscal year the program covered 2.4 million children and cost \$799 million. Some of the biggest beneficiaries are among the richest districts in the nation. OMB recommends that funding be reduced to \$619.5 million.

Beekkeepers Indemnity Program. An example of one of the countless small, special and untermittent programs that add up to much spending, this one makes payments to beekeepers who suffer losses because of insecticides approved by the U.S. Government. In recent years farmers have become much more judicious in using poisons; spraying has been reduced, and beekeepers are taking better care of their colonies. OMB argues that there is no longer a need for the \$3 million-a-year program.

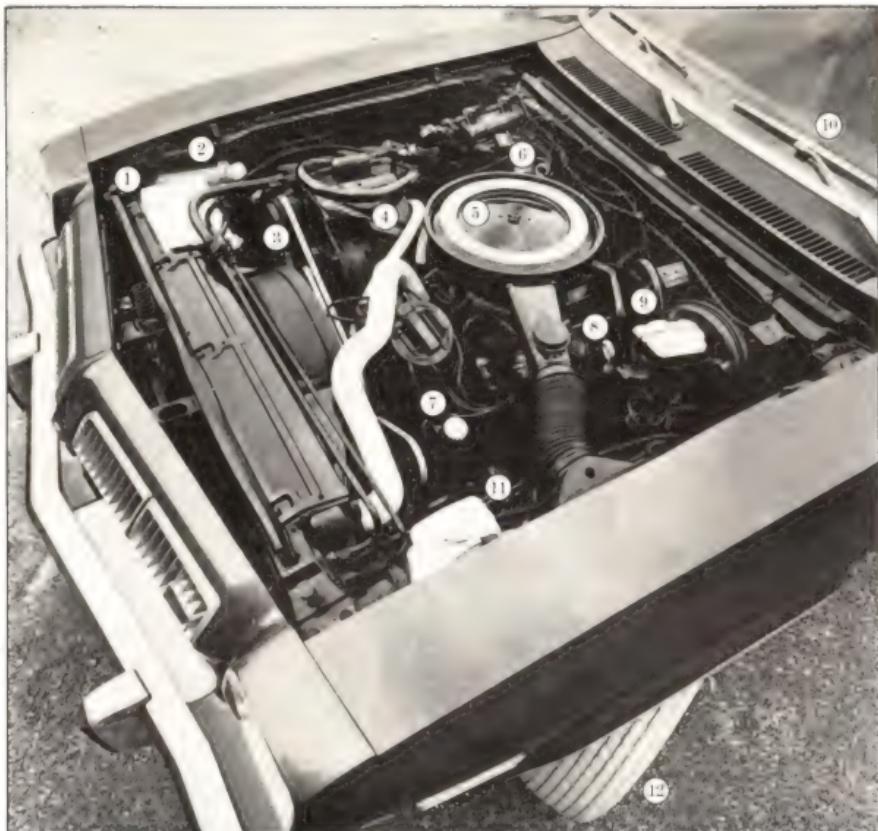
Law Enforcement Assistance Grants. They began in 1968 primarily to help communities upgrade the caliber and training of police. But many towns and cities spend the money on new hardware, from high-powered radio sets to patrol cars. Outlays last fiscal year reached \$724 million. For 1980 OMB proposes a cut to \$524.5 million.



Travel service official



Medical students, many subsidized



When was the last time you checked these items on your car?

Do you know what they are? Test yourself. Match the numbers in the picture to the parts listed below:

- a. air filter
- b. brake fluid reservoir
- c. hoses
- d. battery
- e. automatic transmission dipstick
- f. belts
- g. radiator coolant overflow tank

- h. windshield washer reservoir
- i. power steering fluid reservoir
- j. wiper blades
- k. motor oil dipstick
- l. tires

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(Answers to quiz: a-5, b-9, c-4, d-1, e-6, f-3, g-2, h-11, i-7, j-10, k-8, l-12)



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Time Essay

Why Deficits Really Matter

Twenty-nine billion dollars! A mind-boggling sum. To many people, grappling with their own family budgets and worried about their own personal deficits, it is absolutely alarming that the Government proposes to spend that much more than it takes in during a single year. Yet the figure is a small fraction when compared with the total size of the U.S. economy. By the end of the budget year in September 1980, the U.S. will be producing goods and services at an annual rate of \$2.6 trillion. So what does the \$29 billion figure actually mean? Do deficits really matter? If so, why and how much?

That is one of the most durable and emotional questions in American political debate. As inflation has soared close to double-digit rates, with no war or speculative boom or oil shortage to blame it on, deficit spending has come to be viewed as the fiscal mortal sin leading inexorably to inflationary damnation. The legislatures of 22 states have called for a constitutional amendment that would require a balanced budget every year. Amendment or not, that would be impossible. Any administration could predict future revenues and expenditures accurately enough. It is also undesirable. There are circumstances in which a deficit would be unavoidable, such as when a war is raising spending faster than taxes can be jacked up. There are also times when a deficit is necessary, such as when inflation is low, unemployment is high and private spending is insufficient to put people back to work.

But how does one judge whether—and how big—a deficit is appropriate? There is no simple answer, because deficits can have a variety of effects on the economy. As Arthur Burns, former Federal Reserve Board chairman, notes: "When the Government runs a budget deficit, it pumps more money into the pocketbooks of people than it takes out of their pocketbooks." That creates more demand for goods and services, which can put idle people and machines to work, or can make prices rise faster than they would if demand were lower.

All too often, alas, a deficit does both, and economists divide diametrically on which effect has predominated lately. Says Liberal Arthur Okun: "The role of the deficit in the inflation of recent years has been trivial. The only way that a deficit creates inflation is by overheating the economy, and we haven't had an overheated economy in five years." The opposing view, from Burns: "This persistence of substantial deficits in federal finances is mainly responsible for the serious inflation that got under way in our country in the mid-'60s... and when the deficit increases at a time of economic expansion, as it has done lately, we should not be surprised to find the rate of inflation quickening."

Opinions differ so strongly largely because there are many ways of measuring the size of a deficit, and the measure that is most easily grasped—the actual number of dollars involved—is not necessarily the most important one. A great deal depends on the condition of the economy: a huge deficit may spur only a little inflation if the nation is in a severe recession, while a small deficit may be violently inflationary if demand is pushing at the limits of business's productive capacity. The Carter Administration stresses that its proposed \$29 billion deficit would be only about 1% of the gross national product, down from 4% in fiscal 1976, when the deficit was \$66 billion. That is a smaller proportion than in West Germany, which has a low 2.6% inflation rate. Two reasons why Bonn gets away with it: the rising value of the deutsche mark keeps import prices down, and rapid productivity gains combined with tough domestic and for-

ign competition limit industrial price boosts. Democratic Economist Walter Heller insists that the size of the deficit next year is less important than the underlying trends in spending and revenues. He points out that federal spending is rising by only 8.5% a year, while tax collections are growing at 12%, putting a squeeze on demand that he considers a bit too tight.

Conservatives reply that the official budget is far from the whole story. Alan Greenspan, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, calculates that when the off-budget activities of several federally sponsored lending agencies are counted, the Government will be pumping not \$29 billion but at least \$60 billion in cash and credit into the economy during fiscal 1980—altogether too much. Another problem: a big deficit tempts the Federal Reserve to create huge quantities of new money so that banks can lend that money to the Treasury to cover its bills. A rapid run-up in money supply is definitely inflationary, though the effects may not be felt for 18 months or two years. The alternative is not much better: if the Fed does not cover the deficit by creating new money, the Treasury has to sell bonds that are paid for out of private savings. Less capital is then left to finance business investment that is needed to increase productivity. In practice, the Government has financed its big deficits of the 1970s by a combination of both methods. From fiscal 1970 through 1979, the total deficits have amounted to \$354 billion, and all that money flooding into the economy has surely created inflation.

The primary problem now is to brake the momentum that pushed prices up by 9.25% last year, and that cannot be done without a substantial reduction in the deficit. Even if liberals are correct in their contention that the present inflation is being caused not by excessive demand but by the spiral of wages chasing prices and prices chasing wages, adding more demand now would only make the spiral spin faster.

Beyond the strictly economic arguments, the psychological impact of the deficit is all-important. How much the Government can cut the deficit has become the supreme test of how determined the Administration and Congress are to curb inflation. President Carter has no hope of persuading labor and management to obey his wage-price guidelines unless he can demonstrate that the Government is restraining its own profligacy. Foreign bankers would take any failure to chop the deficit as a signal for them to dump dollars again, in expectation of continued U.S. inflation. A renewed slide in the dollar would fan the very inflation they fear.

Then why run any deficit? Why not balance the budget next fiscal year? That cannot be done: the nation has become too addicted to the extra demand spurred by deficit spending. Cold-turkey withdrawal could well shock the economy into a deep recession. That could reduce tax revenues so much, and raise expenditures for unemployment compensation and welfare so greatly as to perversely produce a bigger deficit than ever. Even a mild recession could splash more red ink across the budget books than the \$29 billion that Carter proposes.

But a determined attempt must be made to get the deficit down. The question is whether even Carter's \$29 billion target is not still too high. Surely the deficit must be reduced, and then the budget brought into balance, in the years immediately ahead. Cutting the deficit will not ensure progress against inflation. It will not by itself increase productivity or moderate wage claims or reduce costly Government regulation of business. But no real progress in any of these areas can be made without a drop in the deficit.

—George J. Church



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Economy & Business

Those Guns for Hire

Shooting it out for McGraw-Hill and American Express

"Corporate takeovers are analogous to feudal wars, and the lawyers are the mercenaries."

—Lawyer Martin Lipton

Marty Lipton might have added that the courtroom has replaced the board room as the main jousting arena, and that whenever a company wants to stage—or defend against—a raid, its management usually calls up either of two New York lawyers. One is Lipton, a partner in Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz. The other is Joseph Flom, a partner in Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom. Both experts in the exquisite art of making tempting offers or executing legalistic delays, they have opposed each other in most of the big-name raids of the past decade.

Now they are squaring off again in an especially vitriolic takeover fight. While American Express Co. was secretly plotting its \$880 million bid for McGraw-Hill, it quickly hired Joe Flom, 55, in part so that McGraw-Hill could not get him first. McGraw-Hill countered by hiring Lipton, 47. Says an investment banker who has worked with both: "On offense, Flom is a tiger. He pretends there isn't any law and acts accordingly. On defense, Lipton comes up with innovative, ground-breaking lawsuits."

Last week Flom showed some of the qualities that have made him the undisputed "King of the Takeovers." In a bold move, American Express sued McGraw-Hill for libel and "publicly disseminating false and misleading statements designed to induce McGraw-Hill shareholders to reject American Express's tender offer." Attackers do not expect to be loved, but they rarely sue for libel. The 22-page complaint was aimed at silencing Harold McGraw, the publishing company's chief, who earlier in the week took out ads harshly attacking American Express, its chairman, James Robinson, and its president, Roger Morley.

McGraw called the Amex bid "illegal, improper, unsolicited and surprising," and charged that Amex "lacks the integrity, corporate morality and sensitivity to professional responsibility" essential to McGraw-Hill's operations. He claimed that Robinson had agreed last summer not to bid for McGraw-Hill after his informal overtures had been turned down, and that he was now guilty of "an unprecedented breach of trust." McGraw thundered that Morley, by continuing to sit on the McGraw-Hill board until the bid was made, "clearly violated his fiduciary duties to McGraw-Hill and the stockholders by misappropriating confidential information and conspiring with American Express."

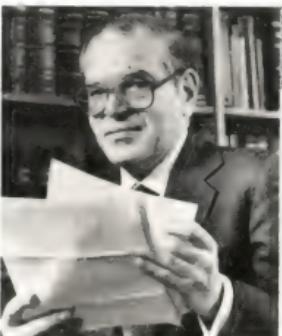


Innovator for the defense: Martin Lipton

Tying up and mauling a would-be invader.

To acquire McGraw-Hill on the cheap, McGraw wound up with a threat to sue Morley, Amexco and each Amexco director. The next day McGraw and Lipton filed suit asking for \$500 million in damages should Amexco be successful in its bid.

The odds do not seem good for McGraw-Hill's management. In tender offers over the past ten years, the target company has been acquired 85% of the time either by the initial aggressor or by another bidder. Even Lipton, who with his pale, bland face and dark shapeless suits looks like an ambitious bank clerk, admits: "Cash offers are rarely defeated." Two years ago, he fended off Congoleum Corp.'s cash offer for Universal Leaf Tobacco. Says a Wall Street merger and ac-



Tiger on the attack: Joseph Flom

No one expects love—but a libel suit?

quisition specialist: "Marty tied Congoleum up for over eight months in the courts, and it got mauled so badly that it finally went away." The legal strategist representing Congoleum was Joe Flom.

Flom, a small, slight man with thinning gray hair and a forehead wrinkled in a perpetual look of surprise, seems to prefer representing raiders. He has also directed skillful defenses, notably his "Jewish dentist" defense in 1975 for Stern-Dent, manufacturer of dental equipment under attack by Magus Inc., a holding company that is 10% owned by the Kuwait Investment Co. Flom sued Magus for not disclosing that many of Stern-Dent's customers were Jewish and might not buy from a company partly owned by an Arab government agency. The argument was such a successful public relations ploy that Magus eventually gave up.

Flom and Lipton first faced off in 1959, when Harvard-trained Flom represented management and Lipton, a graduate of New York University, represented a group of dissident shareholders in the United Industrial Corp. proxy fight. It was a draw. As Lipton recalls, "Joe got four seats on the board and we got four seats." Their first big tender fight was the \$84 million Colt (Flom) takeover of Garlock (Lipton) where the term "Saturday Night Special" was coined to describe Colt's lightning raid. It is impossible to estimate which lawyer has a better winning record because even when one loses he usually gains some advantages—in price or terms—for his client.

Both men are workaholics. Both are also members of the "Regency Mafia" group of businessmen, bankers and politicians who breakfast most mornings at Manhattan's Regency Hotel, making deals and complaining about the price of their orange juice (\$1.60). A takeover that involves much litigation can run up six- and sometimes seven-figure fees. In addition, Flom is on retainer to numerous corporations that part with \$50,000 annually just to keep him from coming at them in a raid; Lipton has been bond counsel to the city of New York.

Their firms, long considered upstart midtown outfits, were located in anonymous high-rise office buildings a \$6 cab ride from the tonier downtown Wall Street firms. These firms disdained takeover work because of its past association with hungry and raffish conglomerates. In the past several years, however, Wall Street firms have begun to do takeover work. Davis Polk & Wardwell, for example, defended Carrier Corp. but lost out to Lipton, who represented the raider. United Technologies Flom was not involved because he was on retainer both to United and Carrier. Indeed, Lipton and Flom are so prominent that a partner in an old-line Wall Street investment banking house says admiringly: "No one else can even shine the shoes of the top two."



Deteriorating floor and clutter in midtown Manhattan market point up A & P troubles

The Price of Grandma's Pride

Ann Page cooks up a diet of knockwurst and sauerkraut

YOU'LL DO BETTER AT A & P, insists the latest ad slogan of the not-so-Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., whose \$7.2 billion in sales make it the nation's third largest supermarket chain (after Safeway and Kroger). Last week one of West Germany's largest food retailers unexpectedly took the 120-year-old company at its word. The private Tengelmann Group made a friendly deal to pay \$78.5 million to four holders of A & P stock, including heirs of the founding Hartford family, for their 42% controlling interest in the ailing giant.

Affectionately known to employees as "Grandma," A & P, like many old ladies, has been showing her age. Supermarket chains generally have been battling slumping profit margins, changing food-buying habits and competition from smaller, more flexible independents and fast-food restaurants. The once unchallenged A & P was hurt because many of its center-city stores were uneconomically small and stuck in deteriorating neighborhoods; and it was late to open bigger, more modern markets in the more profitable suburbs.

Since 1971, A & P has cut the number of its stores from 4,400 to 1,800. Despite this reduction and a self-critical ad campaign that promised "to put price and pride together again," the company has either lost money or barely made a profit in every subsequent year. One reason is that A & P elected to close stores one by one in 36 states, with the result that it did not get the distribution savings of quitting an entire region. The cutbacks also left a lot of spare capacity at A & P's private-label Ann Page food-processing plants.

Playboy Huntington Hartford sold almost all his stake during the 1960s.

Tengelmann's offer of about \$7.50 a share, a small premium over the prebid market price of \$6.75, values the company at \$186 million. That is peanuts to pay for a stock that hit \$39 a share eleven years ago, for all the remaining operating outlets, and for assets that have a book value of \$17.50 a share—\$434 million in all. A & P also has a huge net inventory of food and other salable goods; at last count, that was worth \$300 million.

But Tengelmann is not shopping for cheap hamburger and canned corn to ship back to Germany. Erivan Haub, 46, the hereditary sole owner of the company, noted that he saw in A & P "an opening to the U.S. market where Tengelmann experience can be put to profitable use." Haub, who trained with the Chicago-based Jewel supermarket chain, promised to stay out of day-to-day operations and hinted, to the delight of A & P directors, that he might supply much needed capital. A full hands-off policy is neither likely nor desirable. Noted one U.S. food-chain executive in Hamburg: "Haub will surely offer suggestions, and they'll probably be good ones."

The German company can certainly teach A & P much. Though highly secretive about profits, the group owns more than 2,000 stores in Germany and Austria with annual sales of \$2.7 billion, and it places stress on gourmet food lines as well as in-shop butchers and bakers. Says one admiring competitor: "Haub took a store in Berlin, reduced the number of articles for sale from 6,000 to 1,200 and found that sales actually went up." A & P, which must slim still further before it can hope to recover, will not miss the lesson that less can mean more.

Good News Only

"Fearless" American Motors

As part of its new public relations strategy, American Motors has revived an old maxim: "If you don't have anything good to say, don't say anything at all." So last week AMC broke a 20-year industry tradition and stopped releasing ten-day sales figures; instead, it will give out monthly reports. After a fourth straight year of declining car sales, executives felt that bad news in twelve lumps is better than the same news meted out in 36 installments. American Motors also points out that its Jeep is not included in the car sales reports, but that big sales of that "utility vehicle" helped lift the firm's profits, to \$26 million in the quarter ended last month.

To emphasize the positive, AMC sent newsmen a tongue-in-cheek "Adjective Selector," to be used when writing about the company. Notably absent from the list: puny, little, troubled and skidding. Among the suggested replacements: aggressive, astounding, booming and dazzling. Trouble is, Volkswagen is now producing more cars in the U.S. than "fearless" AMC, bumping that "gutsy" company down to fifth place among domestic car producers. But "ingenious" AMC expects to do better once its "formidable" arrangement to sell French Renault cars gets going in the U.S. later this year.

Rural Luddites

Opposing farm mechanization

The 19th century English Luddites smashed machines in a doomed effort to preserve the jobs of textile workers. California Rural Legal Assistance, a federally subsidized antipoverty group, does not go quite that far. But last week it filed suit in a state court in Oakland seeking to enjoin the University of California from using state money to develop farm machines. The C.R.L.A. charges that the introduction of more modern mechanical tomato, grape and lettuce pickers will primarily benefit large growers and will cost 120,000 California farm laborers their jobs.

No question about it: the mechanization of farming does leave less work for field hands, and does make it harder for small farmers to compete with big ones. It also makes U.S. agriculture by far the most productive in the world, and holds down costs so much that Americans spend a smaller proportion of their incomes for food than do the citizens of any other major country. Instead of fighting this progress, C.R.L.A. might do better to stress another demand in its suit that the university use some of its license and royalty income from development of farm machines to set up a fund to retrain farm workers displaced by the machines.

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IRAN

The Shah Takes His Leave

But his country's problems remain unresolved

The day began cool and overcast, but by early afternoon the skies were a wash of bright blue. In Tehran, the throngs were filling the streets to begin once more their daily demonstrations. If the protesters had looked upward, they would have seen a blue and white Boeing 727 swing over the city, circle once and turn away. The pilot of that plane was Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, taking a long, perhaps last look at the capital of his realm. For years he had lived under the illusion that he was a monarch beloved by his 34 million subjects, for years he had harbored the conviction that his leadership was bringing all the benefits of national wealth and well-being to a backward nation. In the end, it had come to this: he departed hated, vilified, denounced. After 37 years on the Peacock Throne, he had been ignominiously driven out of Iran. The public face he put upon it was that he was simply taking a leave. But in all likelihood, his departure means the end of monarchy in a land ruled by kings for more than 2,500 years.

It was a measure of how far he had fallen that he had to slip away. Only a few friends, aides and Iranian reporters were present at the airport farewell ceremonies when, shortly after 1 p.m., Prime Minister Shahpour Bakhtiar rushed in to report that his new government had received a vote of confidence in Parliament. This formality completed, the weary Shah turned and made a brief statement. "As I have said before, I am going on a trip, a vacation, because I am too tired," he said. An army officer kissed his hand. Another knelt to kiss his shoe, but the Shah, his eyes brimming with tears, raised him to his feet. Then, accompanied by his wife, Empress Farah, who had spent the last two weeks choosing treasures from their palaces to take with them, the Shah boarded his plane and flew off.

Soon he was winging toward Egypt. He had asked to call on Jordan's King Hussein, but the King had begged off, explaining that the Shah's presence would create too much dissension. Saudi Arabia also rejected an overture from the Shah. Egyptian

President Anwar Sadat, however, agreed to receive him. The Shah and his entourage were met with all the trappings due a royal personage—a red carpet, a 21-gun salute, an embrace from Sadat—and were escorted to the Oberoi Hotel located on an island in the Nile near Aswan.

For several days the Shah, frequently in the company of Sadat, relaxed at the resort. He and the Empress walked among the rocks on the shore, toured the area by boat, and one day held conversations with former President Gerald Ford, who was visiting the Middle East with his wife. Early this week the Shah was scheduled to fly to Rabat at the invitation of Morocco's King Hassan. From there he would journey on to the U.S., where he was expected to stay at the Palm Springs estate of Walter H. Annenberg, former U.S. Ambassador to Britain.

Half an hour after the Shah had gone, his departure was announced over Tehran Radio. The news set off an orgy of exultation throughout Iran. In Tehran, people danced in the streets and hugged and kissed one another in joyous abandon. "The Shah is gone! The Shah is gone!" they shouted. They garlanded their windshield wipers with flowers that seemed to dance in the air. They toppled statues of the Shah and his father, and cut his picture from bank notes. Demonstrators and army troops embraced. Red carnations sprouted incongruously from the barrels of soldiers' rifles.

Replacing the Shah's portrait were hundreds of thousands of pictures of the man whose single-minded determination had at last succeeded in bringing down the Shah. The exiled leader, Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, had become both symbol and architect of the Iranian revolution, and presumably was weighing the appropriate moment to return to claim his due. Within hours, virtually every public square and boulevard once named for the Shah had been renamed for Khomeini.

Even Iranians in official positions of power seemed to be relieved and, in fact, often delighted. Employees at the Iranian embassy in Washington issued a statement accusing Iran's ambassador to the U.S., Ardeshir Zahedi, the Shah's closest adviser, of "conspiring against the interests and will of the Iranian nation," and vowed not to work until he was removed. A similar revolt took place at Iran's United Nations mission in New York City, where diplomats closed down their offices as a "token of solidarity with the Iranian people."

Next day the Bakhtiar government announced that it had fired nine prominent ambassadors from their posts, including U.N. Ambassador Fereydoun Hoveida, and Zahedi, though the latter said he would continue as the Shah's emissary. Not all the demonstrations, unfortunately, were peaceful—or approving. When the Shah's departure was revealed to a group of soldiers in Ahwaz, they poured into the streets, setting fire



Iranian army officer bids farewell to the Shah at Tehran's airport
To his everlasting pain, he had learned the truth.



Demonstrator and soldier rejoice



Anti-Shah demonstrators raise huge portrait of Khomeini
When the news was passed to the mullah, he said, "God is great."



Toppled statue of Shah's father

to cars and shooting wildly at crowds. At least 20 people were killed, 60 wounded.

In Neuilly-le-Château outside Paris, it was nearly 10 a.m. when the news reached members of Ayatollah Khomeini's entourage by shortwave radio. Cheers rang out, and the drafty rooms, devoid of furniture, warmed with laughter. Andes quickly put on their coats and crossed a snow-lined street to tell the Ayatollah. "When he heard it, he said, 'God is great,'" an assistant told reporters. But his demeanor was as stoic as ever. "He did not show any particular emotion," said one of Khomeini's relatives. "He has been fighting this battle for so many years. It is always the same, even when his son was killed."

To the jubilant shouts of supporters, Khomeini shuffled across the street to give reporters his reaction to the historic event: "The departure is not the final victory," he said. "It is the preface to our victory. I am congratulating the brave people of Iran for this victory. We must consider that this victory will not only mean the abdication of this dynasty but also the end of foreign domination, and this is more important even than the eradication of the Pahlavi dynasty."

That statement was a clear warning that Khomeini and his supporters had only begun to fight. The religious leader was determined to erase any vestige of the Shah's rule, and that included the shaky government of Prime Minister Bakhtiar and the regency council that had been set up to perpetuate the monarchy. To commemorate all the people who had died in Iran's rebellion, and to keep alive his own revolution, Khomeini asked Iranians to mark the Muslim holy day of Arba'een last Friday as a day of peaceful protest. In an astounding display of affection and allegiance, throngs estimated at between 1.5 and 4 million people marched through the streets of Tehran.

It was undeniably the largest peaceful demonstration Iran had ever seen or

for that matter, was likely to see. "We are waiting for you, Khomeini," many chanted as they marched, while others held aloft portraits of him. At noon, in the downtown plaza now named Khomeini Square, hundreds of thousands prayed together and acclaimed a resolution calling for the Ayatollah to establish a government. That spectacle, said Khomeini later, was "another popular and spectacular referendum by which the Iranian people say they don't want the Shah, his dynasty, regency council or government, but want an Islamic government."

Most observers agree that Khomeini must first win the support of the military, whose leadership is still resolutely pro-monarchist, if the mullah succeeded in bringing down Bakhtiar. The restive generals almost certainly would attempt a coup. With that thought in mind, President Carter last week pleaded with Khomeini to give the Bakhtiar government "a chance to succeed." He was rebuffed by the religious leader, who pointed out that it was not for the U.S. to decide the legality of a foreign government. Nevertheless, Washington said that discussions were going on in Tehran among representatives of Khomeini, military leaders and members of the government.

A major element in the talks was the future role of the Revolutionary Council appointed by Khomeini a week earlier

Its purpose was to establish a transitional government that would write a new Iranian constitution. But Washington concluded that the Ayatollah, whose influence it had vastly misjudged, was now the essential factor in bringing order to Iran. Despite Carter's plea in favor of the Bakhtiar government, the Administration was seeking a workable formula that would restore stability and elicit support among the Iranian people. One theory suggested that Bakhtiar might govern on an interim basis while Khomeini's Revolutionary Council prepared parliamentary elections and supervised any changes in the constitution.

There are major questions of how Khomeini would wield his power to deal with all the crucial issues that his nation—and much of the rest of the world—must face. Khomeini was bound to link Iran closer to other Islamic nations and to meter Iran's oil shipments in a way that could well distress the U.S. and its allies. In effect, Washington could scarcely expect any longer to count on Iran as the keystone of Western power in the Middle East. In fact, the Carter Administration, anticipating the worst, has already ordered the removal of some secret surveillance operations that monitor Soviet military activities from Iran, a process that drew a sharp rebuke from Khomeini.

If Khomeini has drawn a list of priorities for the Islamic nation that he envisions, one item in particular must surely be near the top. He has promised to dismantle the estimated multibillion-dollar financial empire that the Shah and his family have created for themselves. Sources in Tehran last week, evidently now willing to discuss long secret information, disclosed something of the nature of that empire. The royal family and the Pahlavi Foundation, which the Shah created in 1958, operated 205 business firms, banks and factories in Iran. The foundation controls 96 such enterprises; the rest are either fully or partly owned by



Muslim clergy and soldiers clasp hands in friendship atop an armored personnel carrier

the Shah's relatives. Among other properties, these holdings comprise industrial complexes, office buildings, sports clubs, mining firms, entire villages, warehouses, interests in foreign companies, vast tracts of real estate, and import and export facilities. Whatever may be done about those, probably beyond Khomeini's reach is the array of the Shah's and his family's palatial retreats in London, Switzerland, New York City and France, not to say an island in the Seychelles and choice acreage in Beverly Hills.

Clearly, the Shah in exile will not want for comfort as he ponders his next move. The Annenberg estate, while only a temporary headquarters, would rival the opulence of, say, a Persian king. Its 200 verdant acres, surrounded by California desert, are reached by way of Frank Sinatra Drive. Electronically operated gates open onto a flower-flanked drive and the sprawling dusky pink volcanic-rock main mansion, with its five bedrooms and 6,400-sq.-ft. living room. The compound includes two five-bedroom guesthouses, a swimming pool, several lakes, and a nine-hole golf course, all maintained by some 60 servants and security guards. Last week the State De-

The Enigmatic Mullah

His voice is soft, almost diffident, but it is powerful enough to have spurred the collapse of a 53-year-old dynasty. In his home country, nearly everybody utters his name with reverence; his photograph, hawked on virtually every Iranian street corner, is now as ubiquitous as the Shah's portrait once was. Yet little is known of the private life and thought of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, the enigmatic patriarch of 32 million Shi'ite Muslims who regard him as their guiding light.

Day after day, streams of reporters journey to the drab stucco bungalow in Neuilly-le-Château outside Paris, where the 78-year-old mullah has lived in exile since last October. There the journalists submit written questions, arebidden to sit cross-legged on the floor in a barren room, and then listen as Khomeini, dressed in his black turban and robe, delivers his answers in Farsi monotone. Khomeini's replies are usually short, banal and often repetitive. He can rarely be drawn out on crucial political issues: Who should rule the Islamic republic he espouses for Iran? What kind of nation would it be? How does he propose to bring down the fledgling government of Shahpour Bakhtiar? What role would the Ayatollah himself play on his anticipated return to Tehran? Even when he gives direct answers ("Every form of domination—political, military, cultural and economic—will be brought to an end"), they almost invariably are the kind of vaporous generalities that only a nongoverning opposition leader can afford to make.

The Ayatollah tan honorific title meaning sign of God) was born in central Iran, the son of a mullah who was shot to death—according to Khomeini followers, by Iranian government agents—while on a pilgrimage to Iraq. Educated largely at the holy city of Qum, Iran's orthodox Shi'ite center of learning, Khomeini became what has been described as a "fine medieval scholar." That did not mean he was an expert on the Iranian Middle Ages, but rather that his Islamic philosophical and legal expertise belong to an intellectual tradition

unstudied in the West since the 16th century Spanish expulsion of the Moors.

Khomeini first drew attention in Iran more than 30 years ago, when samples of his philosophical writing drew critical acclaim for his "moral dimension" as well as his ascetic personal life and intense spirituality. That intensity seems to have been channeled in more or less the same direction ever since: his first book, *Discovery of the Secrets*, decried "the plots and plans which the father of the present Shah made with other leaders of neighboring countries," adding that "the orders of the dictatorial state of Reza Khan [the Shah's father] have no value. All the laws approved by Parliament should be burned."

Khomeini turned into a more blatant political activist in the early '60s, when he openly challenged the Shah's ambitious program of social and economic reforms. The Shah's defenders charge that Khomeini and other mullahs opposed the so-called White Revolution because it demanded confiscation of their landholdings and equal rights for women. Khomeini denies any self-interested motive, charging instead that the reform simply favored absentee landlords who were supporters of the Pahlavis. As a group, the mullahs continued to argue, in Khomeini's words, that "Islam has never opposed [women's] liberty. It is the Shah who is dragging women toward corruption and wishes to bring them up as mere dolls." Khomeini has added, however, that "we will not permit behavior that is contrary to the national interest or the public morality." He did not say what that might mean.

Banished by the Shah in 1964, Khomeini settled in An Najaf, a major Shi'ite holy city in Iraq that contains the tomb of the Prophet Muhammad's son-in-law Ali. There the Ayatollah lectured students, calling for direct political action to root out corruption in Iran, eliminate Western cultural and moral influence, and replace the Iranian monarchy with a nonparliamentary constitutional theocracy governed by the precepts of the Koran. His goal, Khomeini said, was to produce a "generation of believers to destroy the thrones of tyrants." His tape-recorded lectures were

partment accorded the estate diplomatic status. This enabled Washington to install special security measures, among them a coterie of Secret Service agents.

It is possible, of course, in the flush of the Shah's departure, that just as the world for too long overestimated his hold on Iran, it may now be overestimating that of Khomeini. The Ayatollah must now take into account the forces that his revolution has unleashed. With the irritant of the Shah's presence now removed, there is even the chance that a new stability could evolve with the cooperation of Iran's professional classes and elements of the army. But for now, Khomeini seems to be in charge.

"During all those years," says an Iranian official, trying to explain the Khomeini phenomenon, "you couldn't talk to anybody because you couldn't trust anybody. Khomeini was strong enough to say one thing and stand for one cause from the beginning. The people began to appreciate him, and now they glorify him. No one should rule out the possibility of chaos, but there is one element that makes me think that it can be avoided: our religion. This religion will keep people together in spite of the horrible things that have been done."



The Shah and Empress Farah wave from the rocks on an island in the Nile near Aswan

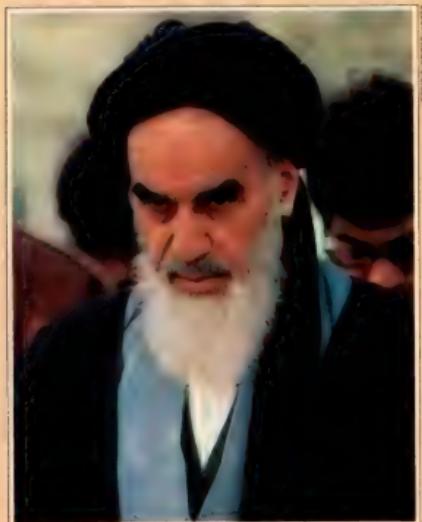
circulated widely inside Iran. Cautious listeners played the bootlegged tapes in secret, since even the mention of Khomeini's name became an offense punishable by a prison term. Iraq tolerated Khomeini's religious politicking until last October, when the Baathist government threw him out

at the Shah's request, and Khomeini migrated to France.

Throughout Khomeini's exile, the Shah's government has striven mightily to blacken the mullah's reputation. It reported that Khomeini had connived with anti-Iranian forces in India. In 1977, when Khomeini's son Seyyed Mustafa, 49, died suddenly in An Najaf, the mullah hinted that SAVAK agents might have been responsible. In reply, the government planted a clumsy character assassination in the Tehran newspaper *Etelaat*, linking Khomeini to the illicit Communist Tudeh Party (Khomeini is, in fact, a vitriolic anti-Communist). But the newspaper article was the first mention of Khomeini's name in the Iranian press in years, and the patently false charge helped to make him a public hero to the Shah's popular opposition. Demonstrators took to the streets in protest, helping to start the long cycle of unrest that led to the Shah's "vacation."

Khomeini's defenders argue that his campaign to oust the Shah is in keeping with Shi'ite tradition. In contrast to religious leaders in such countries as Saudi Arabia or the United Arab Emirates, Iranian mullahs have traditionally adopted a critical stance toward the ruling establishment, operating, in effect, as a theological opposition. Shi'ite mullahs were engaged in power struggles with emperors in the 17th and 19th centuries. In 1892, for example, religious leaders directed a massive sit-in protest against the reigning monarch's allocation to the British of the Iranian tobacco monopoly. They also weighed heavily in the drawing up of Iran's 1906 constitution, which was based in its secular details on that of Belgium, and which the Shah and his autocratic father repeatedly violated by suppressing political rights.

There are occasional signs that Khomeini himself might not be averse to doing the same thing, given the chance. In one of his Paris press conferences, the Ayatollah declared that "after the Shah leaves, the press will be free." Then he added: "Except for those articles that would be harmful to the nation." But unless and until Khomeini's theocracy comes to pass, nobody can know what the mysterious mullah really thinks, on this and many other issues.



Ayatollah Khomeini at Neuilly-le-Château

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Soldiers of the Peoples Revolutionary Council of Kampuchea rallying to celebrate the new Phnom-Penh government

CAMBODIA

The Anatomy of a Blitzkrieg

Lethal lotus blossoms and belligerent bees

"Please give us orders, please give us orders Should we attack?"

FOR two weeks that urgent radio message crackled from a redoubt deep in eastern Cambodia's Mondolkiri forest. The frustrated sender of the plea was the commander of two Khmer Rouge infantry companies. He had been cut off in the forest by Vietnamese troops who had invaded Cambodia (Democratic Kampuchea). The broadcast was futile: Khmer commanders were too scattered and too harried to respond to the call. Like most other units in the estimated 73,000-man Communist Khmer Rouge force deployed to face the six-pronged Vietnamese attack the isolated companies in the Mondolkiri forest had been outgunned and outmaneuvered.

The war, in short, was all but lost. In scattered areas of the country the fighting continued at a furious pace, most notably in Kompong Som (once Sihanoukville, named for Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who was hospitalized in New York City with fatigue from participating in the U.N. debate on Hanoi's takeover). In Kompong Som the two sides were fighting street to street and hand to hand for control of Cambodia's sole deepwater port, 136 miles southwest of Phnom-Penh (see map). Vicious fighting continued in the Mondolkiri forest as well, and at Siem Reap and Kampot, where Khmers who had been chased out of the town retaliated by shelling it from surrounding mountains.

Early in the week, Cambodia's scant hope of political salvation was crushed by the Soviet Union, which is allied with Hanoi and supports the invasion. In New York City, the Soviets vetoed a U.N. Security Council resolution calling for the immediate withdrawal of "all foreign

troops" from Cambodia. Even that resolution was mild, a sanitized substitute for Chinese wording that named the Vietnamese as "aggressor forces." To the embarrassment of the Soviets, the watered-down substitute was the work of seven nonaligned council members, like others who listened to the debate preceding last week's vote, the seven rejected Soviet Ambassador Oleg Troyanovsky's disingenuous explanation that the invasion was "a true people's uprising" by dissident Kampuchean. It was a hypocritical effort in earlier Security Council debates: the Soviets had been the fulsome champions of victimized Third World states. In 1974, for instance, they used their veto power to justify the Turkish invasion of Cyprus. Earlier, Moscow had led a censure of Israel for attacking Lebanon and twice vetoed motions of condemnation of the Indian invasion of East Pakistan. In their 11th Security Council veto last week, they stood virtually alone against the will of their sometime friends.

With the Khmer Rouge deprived of outside political support and cut off from potential resupply from their Chinese supporters, the question became not whether Cambodia could resist the invaders but for how long. The Hanoi-created Kampuchean National United Front for National Salvation (KNUFNS), a fighting force of 18,000 Cambodian refugees, had accompanied the Vietnamese into Cambodia, when Phnom-Penh fell in the second week of the invasion. KNUFNS leaders renamed the group the Peoples Revolutionary Council of Kampuchea and set up a government. Last week PRCK announced that as the *de facto* government it welcomed diplomatic recognition and would accept aid from international sources.

Behind the resolution Zambia, Kuwait, Bangladesh, Bolivia, Gabon, Jamaica and Nigeria

However great the number of PRCK forces, intelligence observers in neighboring Thailand and in Washington were persuaded that the entire operation had been a Vietnamese show, and a superb one at that, exceeding in some respects the best tactics Hanoi ever used against French or American forces in the earlier Indochina wars. In less than a month, traveling at speeds of up to 40 m.p.h., twelve Vietnamese divisions totaling 100,000 men had swept across the rice fields and shifting terrain of Cambodia in an advance that covered 300 miles. So successful was the Vietnamese strategy, in fact, that the story of Cambodia's fall might well become a classic textbook study: "Patton would be proud," boomed the London *Observer*.

AT first it was a border quarrel between Communist neighbors. For two years Khmer Rouge soldiers had been raiding Vietnamese border towns and kidnapping residents. Hanoi intermittently fought back or offered peace terms without success. Finally in December 1977 the angry Vietnamese decided to launch a severely punitive raid into Cambodia. The raid was not totally successful. Some Vietnamese tank columns ran out of gas or lost their way. And while the Vietnamese killed large numbers of Khmer Rouge, they voluntarily pulled back across the border, allowing Phnom-Penh to brag that the Khmer Rouge had repulsed the attack. Hanoi's leaders regrouped to try again. This time, command of the operation went to Viet Nam's army chief of staff, Van Tien Dung, 61, a genial general who likes to make gifts of chocolates, cigarettes and hairpins to his men and women soldiers. Dung is also Viet Nam's best tactician, the pupil of Hanoi's military genius, Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap. It was Dung who masterminded the fall of Saigon in April 1975.

Dung described his strategy in terms more poetic than military. The invasion was to be a series of blooming lotuses, stretching out their petals from captured

World

headquarters to envelop the troops along the fringes. Expanding on that metaphor, a Thai general commented last week to *TIME* Correspondent David DeVoss: "The Khmer Rouge are bees without a hive. They still cluster and fly away, but soon they will all go visit the lotus."

Dung's Cambodian campaign began with a series of air strikes on border forces that softened Khmer Rouge defense lines. This was followed by punishing attacks that killed an estimated 17,000 Kampuchean. The ferocity convinced observers that something big was building, but the best guess was that Hanoi was after no more than the eastern third of its neighbor. In early November, Viet Nam signed a 25-year friendship treaty with the Soviet Union. The accord was accompanied by talks between Dung and Soviet Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov, who agreed in private that the regime of Cambodian Leader Pol Pot had to be destroyed.

Returning home, Dung moved twelve Vietnamese divisions into jump-off positions in Viet Nam and Laos. Air support and logistics were organized. The wavering draftees who had failed in the previous attack were replaced with veteran soldiers.

Finally on December 14 Dung sent two divisions from Tay Ninh over the border northward through the Fishhook section of Kampuchea in a run on the town of Kratie. The maneuver was meant to lure the Kampuchean Communists into assuming that the Vietnamese were gathering for no more than a limited operation. The ruse worked perfectly; the Cambodians were drawn northeastward.

Two weeks later, on Christmas Day, Dung launched his offensive. From Can Tho in the south, elements of two Vietnamese divisions rolled to interdict Cambodian Highways 3 and 4. Capturing the town of Takeo, they moved onward toward Phnom-Penh itself. Two more divisions of about 10,000 men moved out of Tay Ninh, bound for the Mekong River-side town of Kompong Cham and for the capital. Another division slid in parallel fashion across the Parrot's Beak salient at the border to outflank Cambodian forces between Highways 1 and 7. From Pleiku three additional divisions moved out to attack in the north around the town of Stung Treng. At the same time, Vietnamese troops reportedly stationed in Laos poured south along the Mekong to engage the Khmers.

The attack was an instant success all along the line. The armored divisions captured their objectives except Kompong Som with little difficulty. In an assault on Kompong Cham, the Vietnamese used So-



By last week the Vietnamese blitzkrieg controlled almost every important town and every major highway in Cambodia. The victorious invaders had also captured some strange spoils of war. In Phnom-Penh they found crates containing ten MiG airplanes: the jets had been a gift of the Chinese, but since no Kampuchean pilot knew how to fly them, the MiGs had never been uncrated. Throttling back their Soviet T-54 and PT-76 Soviet tanks and armored personnel carriers, maintaining air control by means of captured U.S. F-5Es and A-37s, along with Soviet MiGs, the Vietnamese started a second-phase maneuver. They moved along rural routes into isolated areas seeking to surround and wipe out the pockets they had bypassed in the initial rush. Unable to bring artillery to bear on such swiftly moving foes, the Khmer offered only brief opposition and then faded back to secondary defenses.

As the Vietnamese last week continued mopping up, no trace of the Kampuchean leadership could be found. Pol Pot himself was reported in Siem Reap. Observers suspected that he and other leaders, acting on contingency plans, had slipped away to the mountains of the Elephant Range along the coast, a favorite retreat in old guerrilla days.

If they have really prepared such fall-back positions, the scattered Khmer Rouge could become bothersome foes for the Vietnamese. But that was small consolation; they had lost their country as a result of General Dung's brilliant offensive, and all indications were that there will be a Vietnamese presence in Cambodia for a long time to come.

viet pontoon bridges to move an entire mechanized division across the Mekong River. This broke the back of the Khmer defense. 6,000 Khmer troops suddenly found themselves wedged between the onrushing Vietnamese and the Mekong.

The Vietnamese hardly stopped for fuel before they rolled again. Thundering northwest on Highways 5 and 6 in the Nebraska-flat rice-growing area of western Cambodia, they toppled the provincial capitals of Battambang, the country's second city, and Siem Reap, near the temple ruins at Angkor Wat.



Union Fever

And Callaghan has no cure

Once again an epidemic of strikes by rapacious unions enfeebled Britain. A two-week-old walkout by 75,000 truck drivers severely impeded shipments of food, medicine, raw materials and other essential commodities, forcing layoffs of as many as 150,000 workers from idle factories and producing shortages of such staples as sugar, salt, flour and butter. Massive traffic jams clogged the highways as commuters switched to cars in the face of walkouts by locomotive engineers. Worse was to come, as 1.5 million public service workers threatened a 24-hour walkout this week.

This latest outbreak of the "British disease" posed the most serious threat yet to Prime Minister James Callaghan's shaky Labor government. Callaghan had set an anti-inflationary guideline of 5% for wage settlements, but the strikers were demanding increases ranging from 20% to 41%. The Prime Minister considered calling a state of emergency, thus empowering the armed forces to transport vital supplies of food and fuel. He rejected that course for fear of provoking the unions into even more drastic measures. Challenged by a Tory backbencher to bring the unions under control, Callaghan could only ask plaintively, "What action can I take?"

The Conservatives, led by shadow Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, have been quick to capitalize on Callaghan's plight. In a brilliant parliamentary performance, Thatcher seemed to be speaking for the British people when she recited the lengthening litany of stoppages, layoffs, shortages and closings. "If that isn't mounting chaos," she cried, "it is difficult to see what is."

Thatcher was reflecting growing resentment in the British electorate that has at times flared into violence. Picketing truck drivers were assaulted at a chocolate factory in Birmingham last week by a phalanx of umbrella-wielding female workers. At an oil depot in Aberdeen, a striker was accidentally run over and killed when a truck driver refused to halt for pickets.

Anticipating further stoppages, the Prime Minister last week devised a formula that would grant the lower paid manual workers an increase of about 8.5%, even though the raise exceeded his guideline. But it seemed doubtful that the workers would accept the offer. Unless there was an unexpected cooling of Britain's latest bout of union fever, Callaghan's government could be doomed to the same fate that befell the Conservative government of Edward Heath in 1974. Because Heath was unable to settle a strike by the militant mineworkers' union, his party lost its majority in a general election, and he was ultimately forced to resign.



MIDDLE EAST

Convention In Damascus

A week of frenzied diplomacy

The Syrian capital of Damascus was the convention center of the Arab world last week. On hand were the leaders of the Palestine Liberation Organization, assembled for the first meeting of their National Council in almost two years. Hardly had those meetings opened when reports began to circulate throughout the city that the long feuding governments of Syrian President Hafez Assad and Iraqi President Ahmed Hassan Bakr were about to take a tentative step toward merger. With all that going on, Jordan's King Hussein abruptly decided he had better fly to Damascus too to get in on things. The result was something of a three-ring circus.

The National Council meeting reached agreement on the most important issues on its agenda early on. The relatively moderate Yasser Arafat remains the dominant figure within the P.L.O., although the role of George Habash and his radical Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine will be somewhat expanded. Delegates took the considerable step of agreeing to adopt a joint political

program. They rejected the Camp David plan for creating an autonomous "entity" on the West Bank and Gaza, and they insisted that the P.L.O. and not King Hussein should represent the Palestinians. Hussein accepted both these points, bringing himself into closer alignment with Syria than ever before.

Moderates and militants alike remained committed to the use of terrorism against the Israelis, and in fact a minor wave of violence continued throughout the week. In Jerusalem, for example, a grenade exploded in an open-air market, injuring a score of Israeli shoppers. Citing recent terrorist activity, the Israelis staged two military strikes against Palestinian bases in southern Lebanon.

Galvanized by Sadat's efforts to make peace with Israel, the governments of Syria and Iraq were on the verge of announcing that they were prepared to share one flag, one President, one foreign and defense policy and one ministry of information, all in the interests of Islamic unity against Israel. Declared an exuberant Syrian official: "We are about to change the whole balance of power in the region."

Considering the fact that the rival wings of the Baathist Party that rules both countries have been at loggerheads for years, and that agents of the two governments have lately been unusually busy trying to blow each other up (there have been three assassination attempts against the Syrian Foreign Minister by Iraqis and shootouts in embassies around the world), the giddy rhetoric of unity was greeted with some bemusement by foreign diplomats. Still, the fact that these erstwhile enemies, concerned not only about Camp David but also the instability in Iran, were even talking about merging was genuinely remarkable.

In the meantime, the negotiations between Egypt and Israel remained stalled, although U.S. Envoy Alfred ("Roy") Atherton was back in the Middle East trying to get the talks going again. His mission this time was limited to discussion of two matters of limited importance: whether under the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty, security arrangements should be subject to review after five years, and whether the document should supersede Egypt's other treaty obligations. The crucial issue, the extent to which the treaty should be tied to subsequent negotiations over the West Bank and Gaza, will be taken up again later perhaps in Washington next month.

The treaty is far from being an accomplished fact, but many U.S. policy-makers are trying to look beyond the completion of that treaty to the problems that the Middle East will face in the post-Camp David world. As last week's events in Damascus indicated, that era is likely to be as stormy as the one that preceded it.



Special Envoy Atherton

A President and a King At Odds

Once the closest of allies, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat and Jordan's King Hussein are now sharply divided over Sadat's 14-month-old peace initiative and the Camp David accords. Seated in the sunbathed garden of his Aswan house overlooking the Nile, Sadat, confident, incisive, expansive, described to *Time* Inc. Editor-in-Chief Hedley Donovan, Chief of Correspondents Richard Duncan and Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn the basis for his commitment to a peace treaty with Israel as the first step to-

ward solving the problems of the Middle East. He spoke angrily of the role the Syrians, the Iraqis and others have played in obstructing his actions. Later, in the Jordanian capital of Amman, a gloomy Hussein, speaking in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible, reflected his pessimism about Sadat's dealing with Israel. Smiling bitterly, the 43-year-old monarch explained why he believes an Egyptian-Israeli treaty would harm the Arab cause and should be blocked. Excerpts from the interviews:

SADAT:



On peace talks with Israel: I am optimistic. The only important items left concern the timing for establishing an autonomous entity on the West Bank, and "linkage." I believe it will all work out before too long. After Camp David, no matter what happens, there can be no going back to a "No war, no peace" situation.

On Jordan's refusal to join the peace process: King Hussein really has misunderstood me all along. After the signing of the treaty, we shall be calling upon him officially to take his responsibilities on the West Bank. If he chooses not to do this, I shall take over in his place, because the peace process must not be hindered. I shall leave the door open for him. But the man is still acting according to the rules of the old Arab world.

On Egypt's Arab neighbors: The situation is serious. On my western border, I have [Libyan Strongman Muammar] Gaddafi and the Soviets. In Algeria, whoever is chosen President, I think there will be ten years of instability. As for Syrian President Hafez Assad, I wonder what would happen to him if he applied what I am applying here: shutting down the concentration camps, bringing in a permanent constitution, a parliamentary system, a multiparty system. The Syrian leaders would not survive one hour.

On the impact of the change of government in Iran: Bakhitiar has said that Iran will not be a policeman of the Persian Gulf region. That is wise of him: no one wants him to fill that role. That leaves Iraq, and I consider the Iraqis much more vicious than the Soviets. You know that the Iraqis consider Kuwait to be an Iraqi province. I would not be surprised at any time to hear that they have taken it over. As for Egypt, its commitment to defend [Kuwait and Saudi] Arabia at the moment they are attacked still prevails and will continue to prevail.

On the U.S.: We don't want the U.S. to serve as a policeman in the Middle East. What we need is a "Carter plan" on the lines of the Marshall Plan, for helping us defend our borders and for raising our standard of living. You should make it easier for your friends to buy arms from you so they can defend their soil and live in a free country. I don't want a loan or aid from you. I want a partnership. For example, I have some of the richest soil in the world here. Let us take 100,000 acres and build an agro-industrial complex. The production of food will be needed until the end of the world. Well, come and be my partner: take your share and give me mine.

HUSSEIN:



On the shortcomings of the Camp David accords: I would have preferred some effort that would bring others into the peace process. We still think that it is the only way in which a true peace is likely to come about. Perhaps we should return to the Security Council or ask for a reconvening of the Geneva Conference. Certainly the situation has changed since Camp David, but from our point of view there is no progress. As for linkage [between an Egyptian-Israeli treaty and negotiations for the West Bank and Gaza], the two agreements would be too unbalanced, one with a tight time frame, the other open ended.

On the requirements for an Arab-Israeli peace: There are two conditions. One is Arab solidarity, in order to strengthen the Arabs and put them in a better position to negotiate. The other is that Carter and other international figures should subscribe to the Arab concepts of what is needed for peace. For one thing, I think it would be a good idea for the U.S. to begin talks with the P.L.O.

On Jordan's changing relations with Iraq: They are much improved. There is no possibility of Iraq's threatening Kuwait. We don't think Iraq would take advantage of the current instability in the region.

On his objections to the creation of an autonomous Palestinian "entity" on the West Bank: Jerusalem is excluded from the area in which Begin offers self-government. This "greater Jerusalem" amounts to one-fifth of the West Bank. Then there are the Jewish settlements, which take more of our land. Therefore the offer of self-government under these conditions does not appeal to us. Jerusalem does not belong to any of us; it belongs to hundreds of millions of people around the world.

On Sadat's determination to negotiate a West Bank agreement with or without Hussein's cooperation: Let him try if he wishes. But the future of the West Bank and Gaza is not for Sadat to decide for me or anyone else except the Palestinian people.

On how the other Arab states will react if Sadat concludes a separate peace with Israel: Some measures will have to be taken. This will not be difficult. In 1950 Egypt proposed a resolution to the Arab League, which was unanimously adopted, calling for expulsion from the league of any state that signed a separate peace with Israel. If Sadat signs the treaty with Israel, I think the break [with the other Arabs] would be irrevocable.



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Cinema

Fizzled Farce

ONCE IN PARIS

Directed and Written
by Frank D. Gilroy

Unlovable sunniness of mood is what is required to sit through this decorative but unsubstantial comedy without snarling. A viewer whose child, hitherto an incorrigible hubcap thief, had just won a full scholarship to Harvard might be in the proper frame of mind. Playwright Frank D. Gilroy (*The Subject Was Rosas*) should have been able to manage something sturdier than this weak story, a trifle about a naive and virtuous American screenwriter—sneakers begin here—who is called to Paris to rescue a bogged script. This pilgrim played amiably and unseriously by Wayne Rogers, arrives with a red, white and blue jogging suit, but soon, heartland morality notwithstanding, is taking his exercise indoors with a beautiful English businesswoman (Gayle Hunnicutt).

The agent of his undoing is Jean-Paul, a roguish Parisian chauffeur (Jack Lenoir) who sees that the screenwriter is too cubical to make a move toward the very available Hunnicutt character and who does



Rogers and Hunnicutt in *Paris*
The lady and the scamp

the necessary maneuvering himself. He is a scampish servant of classical comedy, who cleverly manages his master's life without neglecting his own comfort. At the film's end, when the screenwriter threatens to violate the rules of worldliness by falling in love, Jean-Paul saves

him from the folly of earnestness by bedding the lady himself. The writer does not take this kindness well, but of course Jean-Paul knows best. Sure enough, after an obligatory and unconvincing fight (since this is not classical comedy, the master cannot simply beat the erring servant with a cane), Rogers' inconvenient love dissipates, the two men make up, and all is well.

The film's precarious appeal depends on the attractiveness of Rogers and Hunnicutt, who are pleasant to watch even when they are delivering empty speeches, the dependable duty of Paris and the presence of Jack Lenoir, who makes a great chauffeur and rogue.

Once in Paris might have been a tolerably good romantic farce with this cast, but Gilroy's dialogue is not very funny, and character development depends entirely on the acting and camera work since the script does not offer any. We learn nothing of the Hunnicutt character, for instance, except that she is sophisticated and looks fine in percale. And although the errant husband played by Rogers telephones hearty lies back to America each evening, nothing is established about his betrayed wife. Is she dull, interesting, ugly, beautiful, loyal, faithless,



For full color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21," send \$2 to Box 929-T, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

a drudge, a scholar, a rock guitarist? To know these things would be to know much more about her husband, and a line or two would have provided a sketch of her. But lines are what Gilroy has not provided; and the film's failure to be better than mediocre is the clear result of his slovenliness.

John Skow

No Exit

EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE

Directed by James Fargo

Screenplay by Jeremy Joe Kronsberg

Clint Eastwood's movies make lots of money, but lately Burt Reynolds' offerings have been making even more. Perhaps this is why Eastwood has let loose with *Every Which Way But Loose*, a half attempt to copy such Reynolds hits as *Smoke and the Bandit* and *Hooper*. It's a sorry enterprise. Though Eastwood has his talents, light comedy is not among them. With his granite glances and stony delivery, he'd be better off playing Hamlet than spinning jokes. When Eastwood tries to put on a happy face, it comes out as a snicker.

Every Which Way goes in every which direction to no particular avail. It is nearly impossible to sit through Chase scenes, barroom brawls and barehanded boxing matches follow in dizzying succession, but the movie rarely lurches forward. Director



Eastwood and Clyde in *Every Which Way*

Snickers and monkeyshines.

James Fargo (*Caravans*) seems to delight in disorienting the audience: it is a major chore to figure out who is punching whom, not to mention why. For punctuation, there are running gags Ruth Gordon pops up, without warning or justification, to do her foul-mouthed-old-lady routine; the Gray Panthers would be well advised to have an injunction slapped on her. An orangutan called Clyde does cute monkeyshines that recall the heyday

of Jack Lescoulie and J. Fred Muggs on the *Today* show. Sondra Locke, a pretty good actress and an Eastwood protegee, comes on to sing the obligatory country-and-western songs in a modified screech. If Eastwood doesn't put a quick end to Locke's singing career, he may wake up one day to discover that he has created his own Cybill Shepherd.

Frank Rich

Boys' Own

FORCE 10 FROM NAVARONE

Directed by Guy Hamilton

Screenplay by Robin Chapman and George MacDonald Fraser

The word Navarone may appear in the title of this movie, but never once does it escape the generally stiff lips of the characters. The word's function is to remind us of the secret mission to blow up the guns in the grand old adventure saga of 1961, and to stir hopes that we are in for more of the same 18 years later. In other words, this is an implied rather than an actual sequel. In the new film the lines behind which our guys are operating are Yugoslav. The mission of Force 10 is twofold: to kill a traitor who has been betraying Partisan secrets to the Chetniks and to destroy a bridge over which the Germans must mount their big offensive. The late Robert Shaw and Edward Fox are in charge of the for-



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Cinema

mer activity. Harrison Ford the latter.

As is customary with Alistair MacLean, whose work inspired the picture, there is enough plot for three movies, not quite enough characterizations for one. Fox, as a demolition expert toting around a suitcase full of devilishly clever explosive devices, does his best to compensate for a cardboard part with another of his amusingly off-center performances. Shaw is hearty, as was his custom in recent times, but Ford, bereft of the kind of writing that made comic capital of his essential sullenness in *Star Wars*, makes one of the gloomiest central figures in the history of adventure films. Richard Kiel, the giant steel-fanged heavy of *The Spy Who Loved Me*, beats



Edward Fox in *Force 10*

Stiff lips and special effects.

on many people, including Barbara Bach, who will be remembered from the same James Bond affair. Carl Weathers, aka Apollo Creed, is an angry AWOL, improbably mixed up in the mission. What a bunch!

Director Guy Hamilton, who has also done his share of Bonds, has a gift for moving this sort of nonsense right along, and the special effects, when everyone finally gets around to blowing up all the concrete in sight, are persuasive enough. There are occasional moments of violent excess (a decapitation, the sadism visited on Bach) that uncomfortably remind us of the harsh realities of war. That sort of thing is best left to serious movies; it has no place in films that are basically in the Boys' Own Adventure tradition, which even little kids understand are intended to glorify the heroic ideal. In such entertainments, the background events should be as undisturbingly abstract as that of a *Road Runner* cartoon.

Richard Schickel

Behavior

One Child, Two Homes

More divorced parents are agreeing to joint custody

Nine out of ten children of divorced parents end up in the sole custody of the mother. Indeed, judges assign youngsters to the mother so routinely that lawyers usually advise their male clients not to bother bringing a case. A custody fight is "an act of futility," says New York Supreme Court Justice Sybil Hart Kooper, "unless the woman is a prostitute and practicing in front of her children, or a chronic alcoholic who falls down drunk or a psychotic who is threatening the children's lives."

Now a growing number of divorced parents are pushing for a more balanced solution to the question of who gets the kids joint custody by both parents. Six Texas fathers and a group called Fathers for Equal Rights have brought a class-action suit against all the district court judges in the state, arguing that the denial of joint custody violates the principle of due process. A decision in the case, first of its kind to go to trial, could come at any time. Oregon, Iowa, Wisconsin and North Carolina have laws authorizing joint custody, and a dozen other states, including New York, Michigan, Connecticut and California, are considering bills that would require judges to start with the presumption of joint custody.

Until the 1920s, courts generally presumed that custody should go to the father as head of the family. Then, as ideas about the crucial role of the mother in child rearing took hold, courts switched to a presumption that the child belongs with the mother. Believers in joint custody now say that the prejudice in favor of mothers is built on outdated sex roles: women should stay at home, fathers are poor at nurturing and generally wish to be free of children after divorce. Today, however, about 60% of divorced women work outside the home, and the women's movement has encouraged many men to take a larger role on the domestic front. Says William Haddad, a political writer and co-author of the joint-custody book *The Disposable Parent*: "In the court, stereotypes prevail. The court does not yet conceive of shared roles."

Most judges still believe that the stability of a single home is essential. Children should not be shuttled between parents who have proved that they cannot get along. Psychiatric advice has traditionally tended to agree. The 1973 book *Beyond the Best Interests of the Child*, by Joseph Goldstein, Anna Freud and Albert J. Solnit, took the stark position that the parent with custody should have the right to deny visits by the noncustodial parent because those visits might undermine the child's stability.

Newer research, however, challenges that assumption. The National Institute of Mental Health is preparing a favorable report about the effects of joint custody on children. A Virginia study of 96 couples and their children associated father absence with disruptions in the children's social and school life. Christine Rosenthal, a Brandeis University sociologist who studied 127 joint- and sole-custody fathers, was impressed by how well the arrangements worked among those who remarried. And a New York study of 40 divorced men found that joint-custody fathers were happier, closer to their chil-

cause of her part-time living. Yet both parents feel joint custody is working.

To Marvin and Robbie Bostin of Stamford, Conn., joint custody of their son Shepard, 12, made so much sense that they put such an arrangement into practice nearly a year before a court made their divorce final last November. Shepard spends two days a week, and alternates three-day weekends, with each parent. "My friends know where to reach me," he says. "I just give them the phone numbers and the schedule. It works out O.K."

Bruce and Barbara Reinhart of Minneapolis find that joint custody of their daughters, Jennifer, 10, and Amy Jo, 8, is manageable, but has drawbacks. "Carrying possessions around is tough," says Barbara. "Suitcases, nighttime animals, half an outfit here, half there—no steady routine. The girls have to share one bedroom."



Shepard Bostin, 12, with his father Marvin (left) and mother Robbie (right)

Despite stereotypes in the court, a trend that may become the rule within a decade

driven and had fewer problems with ex-wives than did noncustodial fathers. Says the author of the study, Psychiatric Social Worker Judith Brown Greif: "The issue of how disruptive it must be for children to have two homes rather than one seems to be a concern more of the observing public than of the joint-custody parents themselves."

All observers agree that joint custody works only if parents can detach child-rearing from post-divorce resentments. That is no easy trick. Jerry and Jan LeClaire waited two years for the rancor that accompanied their divorce to fade before moving to joint custody. Now their daughter Lisa, 8, spends summers with her father and his new wife in Chaska, Minn., and the rest of the year with her mother in Plymouth, 25 miles away. The parents admit that Lisa is still confused: she has two homes, two wardrobes, two sets of rules, and two sets of friends, neither of which has fully accepted her be-

at both houses and they're reaching that preteen age of privacy."

Other objections: joint custody usually requires parents who are affluent enough to maintain separate bedrooms for children, who are constantly willing to negotiate and who live in the same general neighborhood or school district. If a divorce is contested in the courts, the arrangement is often impossible.

Joint-custody agreements depend so heavily on a spirit of give-and-take that most are worked out with assistance from mediation and reconciliation centers. The Los Angeles Conciliation Court and other divorce counselors estimate that 15% to 20% of their cases now end in joint custody. That percentage is likely to grow. Predicts Susan Whicher, a Boulder, Colo., lawyer who heads the American Bar Association's special committee on joint custody: "Legally it's terrifying for a lot of lawyers and judges, but by the end of the 1980s it will be the rule rather than the exception."

Religion

Ecumenical War over Abortion

Both sides believe that opponents threaten their basic rights

It has become a Washington fixture. Every January, tens of thousands of Roman Catholics and other foes of abortion gather in the capital for the March for Life. It protests the Supreme Court's 1973 decision guaranteeing the right of women to end pregnancy up to the point at which the fetus is "viable," or "potentially able to live outside the womb, albeit with artificial aid." But this week's marchers will have competition. On the same day, liberal Jewish and Protestant clergy in New York City plan to parade to St. Patrick's Roman Catholic cathedral.

"serious threat to religious liberty."

The pro-choice forces are now pressing their argument in *McRae v. Califano*, a lawsuit on the Medicaid abortion issue that is nearing decision in a Brooklyn federal court and will probably end up in the U.S. Supreme Court. The class action suit is brought by the Women's Division of the big (9.9 million members) United Methodist Church in concert with Planned Parenthood and various doctors and poor women. The Methodists are backed by a friend-of-the-court brief filed by 15 other national religious in-

because it implicitly accepts the particular view of pro-life religious groups on the value of the human fetus and lacks the "secular purpose" the Supreme Court has required in such laws.

The pro-choice lawyers argue that "for all practical purposes the normative interpretation of Catholic dogma" is aided by the law's provisions. (In fact, the federal law is considerably looser than official Catholic teaching.)

Paradoxically, the *McRae* denominations are among the most enthusiastic advocates of religious involvement in politics. Nonetheless, they believe that while the Constitution gives religious groups every right to lobby, they should not be allowed to push through legislation on certain kinds of issues like abortion or birth control. Plaintiffs' Lawyer Rhonda



"Pro-choice" demonstrators marching in New York City; girl in "pro-life" protest at site for abortion clinic in Allentown, Pa.

At issue: Are anti-abortion laws unconstitutional because they implicitly accept the beliefs of certain religious groups?

There they will issue a declaration stating that a "spirit of intolerance" among Catholic leaders on abortion threatens "the civil amity and political tolerance that make our democracy work."

The two marches symbolize a deepening acrimony over abortion that has become a serious threat to ecumenical relations. Just about every U.S. denomination is involved. For years, the "pro-life" (of the fetus) and "pro-choice" (of the mother) religious forces squared off over proposed constitutional amendments that would overturn the 1973 ruling. Today the struggle is centered mainly on the issue of public funding of abortion, specifically the federal law that limits Medicaid payments for abortions to cases involving rape, incest or serious threats to the mother's life or health. Before the law was passed in 1977, 209 liberal Protestants and Jews issued a "Call to Concern" that not only urged Medicaid abortions for any reason but also charged that Catholic lobbying presented a

terest groups, including the American Jewish Congress, the synagogue unions of Conservative and Reform Judaism, the Methodist Board of Church and Society, the United Presbyterian Church, and major agencies of the United Church of Christ and the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ). All told, these groups represent up to 18 million Americans.

The extraordinary element of the *McRae* suit is the religious liberty argument raised by the pro-choice forces. The plaintiffs contend that the abortion-payments restrictions violate the religious freedom of poor women for whom abortion may be necessary in circumstances that the measure does not cover. For example, the *McRae* plaintiffs argue that it would be "mandatory" for some Protestants and Jews to seek an abortion if they already had as many children as they could support. The suit further argues that the law represents an unconstitutional "establishment of religion."

Copelon of the Center for Constitutional Rights defines these issues as ones where religious groups provide "major support" and policy is justified mainly by "reference to intrinsically religious concepts."

Political Scientist Virgil Blum, president of the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights, considers the suit "the most serious challenge to the constitutional rights of American Catholics since the Nativist campaign of the 1850s." Even some liberal Catholics who disagree with their church's teaching on abortion are enraged by *McRae*. The Christian Action Council, a Protestant antiabortion lobby, is also upset. Significantly, the *McRae* alliance does not include the National Council of Churches, which is often part of church-state suits. Indeed, the N.C.C.'s theology commission pointedly declared this month that political activity on abortion or other issues "which seeks to bring the social order into line with ethical convictions, based on religious commitment, does not

violate the separation of church and state."

Americans generally agree that many laws with religious origins (like Sunday closing laws) are entirely proper, while the government ought not to legislate the sectarian views of, say, Christian Scientists on medicine. But the issues of abortion and its public funding would appear to fall between these poles. The brief filed by the 15 organizations in *McRae* contends that "the majority of Americans" do not consider abortion immoral. Yet poll data indicate that about half the population agrees with the Catholic belief that human life begins at conception, and that only a minority of Americans are as liberal as the Supreme Court regarding abortion on request.

Religious opposition to abortion, or at least to abortion on request, is more widespread than is sometimes apparent. Major groups that accept abortions only to save the mother's life include the various Eastern Orthodox churches, the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, most members of the Churches of Christ, "independent" Christian Churches, the American Baptist Association, the Baptist Bible Fellowship, and other conservative Protestant groups. Orthodox Judaism is willing to consider abortion for serious health reasons, while the Mormons and the 35 smallest denominations in the National Association of Evangelicals are also open to it in cases of rape. Three of the four largest black Protestant denominations have issued antiabortion statements. This anti-abortion bloc encompasses not only 49 million Roman Catholics but also as many as 27 million non-Catholics.

Only three major denominations were totally pro-choice before 1973: the United Methodists, United Presbyterians and United Church of Christ. After the Supreme Court ruling, they were joined by the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), the Episcopal Church, Reform Judaism, and Conservative Judaism's synagogue union (but not its Rabbinical Assembly). Other factors complicate the picture. Churches like the Episcopal, that favor open abortion laws sometimes advocate more restrictive policies for their own members. One Lutheran body opposes abortion on request but does not demand laws against it or oppose Medicaid funding, and another is only now working out its official policy. Many individuals, of course, disagree with the official positions of their denominations.

On the final day of *McRae* hearings last month, Attorney Copeland stated that "the abortion issue, perhaps more than any other religious question to come before the courts in this century, threatens the foundations of our pluralistic constitutional system." On the bench, listening with head on hand, was Federal Judge John F. Dooling, a Catholic. Having absorbed two years of testimony that often turned his courtroom into a theology seminar, Dooling must now arbitrate these deep-seated religious claims.



Muslim students read the Koran at their mosque in Austin, Texas

Education

Foreign Flood

Those many alien students

Ough Smadi, 31, a Jordanian linguistics student at the University of Texas, has helped start the first mosque in Austin; he wants his fellow Muslims to have a place to pray. At Indiana University, the directory of an eleven-story building for married students reads like a Saudi Arabian telephone book. Iranian students have shouted down the Shah in several U.S. cities.

The number of foreign students in the U.S. has risen sharply. Last year there were 235,000 foreigners (many of them graduate students) on college and university campuses, a 15% jump over the previous year; there are even more in the U.S. today. By far the largest foreign contingent is the 36,000 or so students from Iran; other big groups come from Taiwan, Nigeria, Canada, Hong Kong, India and Japan. Soon students from China will add to the numbers.

For most schools, the influx has been welcome. At the University of Southern California, which has the largest foreign enrollment of four-year institutions, the 3,700 outlanders account for 23% of the student body. Says John Callaghan, executive director for International Students and Scholars: "With the predicted decline in domestic enrollment, the slack has to be picked up somewhere if universities are to survive." At Indiana University, where enrollment dropped by nearly 4% this academic year, 1,498 tuition-paying foreign students at Bloomington contributed \$1.1 million of that school's \$15 million in tuition revenues.

Public universities, which must take

care not to turn away the children of taxpayers, emphasize that they do not hand out free educations to foreigners. Says Joe West Neal, director of the International Office at the University of Texas at Austin, which has students from some 90 countries: "A government will come to us and say, 'Here is a check for \$400,000. This is for our children. They are our future.'" Private institutions have no curbs on the number of foreigners they can take. At Stanford's business school, which accepts only one in twelve applicants, 19% of this year's students come from abroad.

The presence of so many outsiders inevitably creates some campus tension. At U.C.L.A., for example, Iranian students complain of "racist" graffiti aimed at them. At Indiana University, undergraduates threatened to file suit against the school, charging that they could not understand lectures given by foreign graduate students serving as instructors. The Government, for its part, finds that many visiting students disappear and become part of the U.S.'s alien population.

Mostly, however, the students just seem eager to get a U.S. degree. Of the Japanese, John O. Heise, director of the University of Michigan's International Center, observes: "They view their American education as an exportable commodity. They come, they buy it, and they take it away." And American students often gain valuable international contacts. Take the University of Texas, for instance, where many of the 2,000 foreign students are studying petroleum engineering. When it sponsored an alumni conference on energy a couple of years ago, one 1947 grad came a long way back: Sheik Abdullah Tariki, a former Petroleum Minister of Saudi Arabia and a founder of OPEC.

Theater



Anglim and Conway as Merrick and Treves in *Elephant Man*

Freak No More

THE ELEPHANT MAN
by Bernard Pomerance

Plays about historical figures rarely cast new light upon the figures or ourselves. Bernard Pomerance, an American living in London, has written a drama about a historical freak that movingly does both.

John Merrick (1863-90) was so monstrously deformed that beside him Caliban might seem shapely. His head had the circumference of a normal man's waist, and the bone structure occluded one eye and twisted his mouth into a slobbering aperture. A spongy cauliflower-shaped mass on the back of his head and other body growths gave off an odious suppuration. His hip was deformed, and he could scarcely walk. Only his left arm and his genitals were unmarred. So grotesque was Merrick's body, in fact, that he was banned from appearing in sideshows, for a time his only means of livelihood.

Quite by happenstance, Merrick then came to the benign attention of Dr. Frederick Treves, a gifted anatomist at London Hospital who eventually became personal surgeon to Queen Victoria. Private quarters were set aside for Merrick at the hospital, and with infinite patience but genteel reserve, Treves embarked on a process of Victorian social engineering. In a sense it is the education of a noble savage, but here an ironic ambiguity begins to bite into the play. For who, precisely, is noble and who is savage? At one point, when two hospital orderlies are sacked for gaping at Merrick, he asks Treves with a saintly innocence: "If your mercy is so cruel, what is your justice like?"

In his last years Merrick became the mini-pet of the *haute monde*. The Princess of Wales visited him, the Prince of Wales sent him venison, and an actress, Mrs. Kendal, was solicitously tender. At the point in the play where she reaches out

to take Merrick's hideously gnarled right hand in hers, the emotionally charged impact equals the scene in *The Miracle Worker* where Helen Keller first comprehends the sign for water. Longing to sleep "like other people," Merrick, who could only achieve rest by lowering his huge head on his knees, lay down one night in 1890, broke his neck and died.

Playwright Pomerance has been scrupulously conscientious about the facts. Even so, *The Elephant Man* is more than docu-drama. It is lofted on poetic wings and nests in the human heart. The production, in the off-Broadway Theater of St. Peter's Church (in Manhattan's Citicorp Building), is done with impeccable taste and graced with skilled key performances that equal or surpass anything to be seen at present in the New York theater. Displaying no cosmetically applied malignancies, Philip Anglim's Merrick is like some sort of simple, twisted saint. Kevin Conway paints a psychograph of Treves, each brush stroke subtler than the last, the kindest of healers plagued with the darkest of self-doubts. And Carole Shelley's Mrs. Kendal—curious, amused, emotionally generous—is a womanly oasis, and like the play itself, no mirage in a parched season.

— T.E. Kalem

Jolly Bedlam

WILD OATS by John O'Keeffe

This diverting farce comedy was first performed at London's Covent Garden in 1791 and reached New York briefly in 1793. It was virtually a lost play when the Royal Shakespeare Company dusted it off for what turned out to be a hit run during the 1976-77 season. Now *Wild Oats* has crossed the seas again, thanks to the enterprising zeal of off-Broadway's CSC (Classic Stage Company) Repertory.

John O'Keeffe, who wrote the play, was born in Dublin in 1747 but achieved success in London as the astonishingly

prolific author of more than 60 plays and light operas. From the outset of O'Keeffe's career, dramatic historians seem to have regarded him as a jiggling shadow of his comic betters, but Sheridan held him in esteem, and the renowned drama critic William Hazlitt went so far as to call him "our English Molière."

From our vantage point he seems more like an English Feydeau. Without the bedrooms to be sure, but with bedlam aplenty. The identity crisis that most of the characters in *Wild Oats* suffer is being mistaken for someone else. Fortunately the audience, kept posted by O'Keeffe's pungent asides, is always in the know.

The central character, Jack Rover (Patrick Egan), is a vagabond actor with a habit of dropping Shakespearean tag lines into his own speeches at malapropos moments. While posing as an aristocrat, he meets Maria Amaranth (Barbara Blackledge), a lady of high birth, and is smitten with her as is she with him. No bounder, he flees the scene of incipient bliss rather than reveal his lack of social pedigree. Lady Amaranth pursues him into a thicket of revelations. Brother discovers brother; impostor unmasks impostor; long separated husbands and wives are reunited with their offspring. At play's end the happiness is unending. What the members of the cast lack in polish they more than make up for in zest, and with infectious humanity they sow a sweet garden of delight.

— T.E. Kalem



Egan and Blackledge in *Wild Oats*

A lack of social pedigree

People



Onassis and Kauzov in Paris: newlyweds from the cold

It helped defeat Napoleon, and now a latter-day Mediterranean visitor, **Christina Onassis**, is apparently having second thoughts about the Russian winter. Even the charms of a seven-room apartment near Moscow's Botanical Gardens and her new-found domestic bliss couldn't keep Christina, 28, in the Soviet Union. She went to her villa in St. Moritz for Christmas and then on to Paris, where she was joined by her husband of six months, **Sergei Kauzov**, 38. Alas, it's only a temporary stay, but while there the couple took advantage of *la bonne vie* by dropping some tanker profits in shops along the chic Avenue Montaigne. As for those rumors that Mrs. Kauzov is pregnant, the word from the lady's office is *nyet*. ■

It was a one-woman show, and the major prop onstage was a telephone. Still, theatergoers willingly paid up to \$100 a ticket to see **Liv Ullmann**, who appeared off-Broadway last week in five performances of **Jean Cocteau's** *The Human Voice*. Both Ullmann and the director, **José Quintero**, gave their services free of charge as a benefit for six struggling theater groups. "We actors are all one group and share the responsibility of keeping theater alive," says Ullmann. Besides, she was taken by Cocteau's heroine, a distraught woman whose lover of many years has just called to say he is marrying someone else. "I have known pain so I identify with her," says Ullmann. "But I don't

agree with her. You must put more in your life than a man." Ullmann's own life is well filled. On Jan. 29 she starts rehearsals for her first Broadway musical, *I Remember Mama*. ■

"**Imogene Coca** has show business in her bones. Indeed, she has it in her genes," deadpanned Actress **Kitty Carlisle Hart**. Coca, daughter of an actress and a vaudeville conductor, giggled along with the rest

of the glittering audience at Regine's on Manhattan Egged on, Hart continued. "The thing about Imogene is that one nostril never knows what the other is doing." The evening was a joint tribute to Coca on her 50th year in show biz and a celebration of a new "I Love New York" advertising campaign. For the guest of honor, appearing center stage at her golden jubilee seemed to be more nerve-racking than starring in the Broadway hit *On the Twentieth Century*. When asked what she would be working on in the future, the star fluttered, "Right now, I'm working on not being scared." ■

The last of the Watergate convicts, former Attorney General **John Mitchell**, was freed from an Alabama federal prison last week after serving 14 months of his one- to four-year sentence. Meanwhile, the Watergate judge, **John Sirica**, was dotting the 's on his forthcoming book *To Set the Record Straight* (W.W. Norton, \$15). The judge, now 74 and semiretired, drew upon impressions he jotted down dur-

Ullmann puts herself on the line in a one-woman show by Cocteau



Author Sirica at home

ing the trial: how the witnesses and defendants looked and acted, whether he felt they were telling the truth or "exaggerating." The actual work took place at his Washington home, in a study with an exercise bicycle and a solid "Watergate wall" of cartoons, photographs and awards he has received. Besides his views of his most famous case, Sirica's book will offer insights into the life and times of the tough judge once known as Maximum John. Says he: "I was a dropout from law school twice, so I tell youngsters, if Sirica made it, you can." ■

On the Record

Irving Paul ("Swifty") Lazar, literary agent, when asked if he had any compunction about handling Richard Nixon's book: "No. Let us say a doctor is called in to save Hitler. Do you think he should save his life or let him die?"

Garry Trudeau, cartoonist, describing Elizabeth Taylor in his comic strip *Doonesbury*: "A tad overweight, but with violet eyes to die for."

Albert Kumin on his new job as White House pastry chef: "It is the icing on the cake." ■

Television

A Little Corn, Lots of White House

Hepburn shines in revival, NBC creates Washington waxworks



Young coal miners leaving the pits as Miss Moffat looks on



Katharine Hepburn in *The Corn Is Green*

The Corn Is Green (Jan. 29, CBS, 9 pm E.S.T.) is the latest collaboration of Katharine Hepburn and Director George Cukor, who have worked together off and on since *A Bill of Divorcement* in 1932. Theirs was one of the movies' great creative partnerships, in such films as *Holiday*, *The Philadelphia Story* and *Adam's Rib*; they set the standard for sophisticated light comedy in American pop culture. Unfortunately, *The Corn Is Green* does not play to Hepburn and Cukor's strengths. This made-for-TV movie, a new adaptation of Emlyn Williams' play, is mainstream sentimental drama. Hepburn plays Miss Moffat, a no-nonsense English schoolteacher who arrives in a poor Welsh town to educate young coal miners. Right away she finds a gifted pu-

pil, Morgan Evans (Ian Saynor), whom she puts into strenuous training to compete for an Oxford scholarship. Despite a few unspectacular mishaps, a happy ending follows with all too deliberate speed.

Cukor stages the story well enough against lush Welsh landscapes, but there are very few openings for his usual flourishes of wit and romance. James Costigan's mechanical teleplay often italicizes plot developments: a second-half plot stratagem, in which Morgan fathers an illegitimate baby, comes across as crude turn-of-the-century melodrama. One also wonders why Costigan has not bothered to open up the play's naturally constricted action. When Morgan travels up to Oxford to take his exams, the audience expects to go with him; the Welsh boy's first encounter with upper-crust British intellectuals could be a both tense and amusing scene. But Costigan hasn't bothered to write it. Instead of dramatizing the events at Oxford, he has Morgan, once he returns home, recite what happened.

Despite these failings, *The Corn Is Green* at times is carried by the sheer force of the Hepburn-Saynor tutoring sessions. Saynor makes Morgan's transition from scrubby youth to literate gentleman seem fully credible. Hepburn, as always, is a handsome paragon of moral rectitude and common sense. When this actress commands the screen, who could dare turn away?

Backstairs at the White House (Mondays, starting Jan. 29, NBC) is the gaudiest illustration yet of why many TV viewers would rather undergo root-canal work than tune into downtown NBC. Intend-

ed as a keyhole view of 20th century American Presidents, this nine-hour miniseries quickly proves to be a trivialization of history. In lieu of incisive political drama or even licentious fun, NBC offers a cavalcade of boring anecdotes and a rogues' gallery of often laughable cameo performances. In *Backstairs*, power is not an aphrodisiac but a soporific.

The show appears to be an attempt to crossbreed *Roots* with *Upstairs, Downstairs*. It purports to tell the story of eight Administrations (from Taft's through Ike's) from the homely vantage point of Lillian Rogers Parks, a black maid whose bestselling 1961 memoir is the series' source material. Apart from an early and crippling bout with polio, Parks (Leslie Uggams) led a rather stable life. She met many famous people but played no role in great events.

Parks' White House experiences do not begin to fulfill their intended function as a civil rights parable. Her personal life does not contain enough turmoil to sustain even two hours of television time. The First Families as presented here are scarcely more fascinating. Too many of them come across as interchangeable ciphers modeled on sitcom couples of the '50s. Most of the Presidents are avuncular prattlers; the First Ladies run the household and often their husbands as well.

In the show's first five hours, the Chief Executives can mainly be told apart by their most mundane domestic foibles and the relative shrewishness of their wives. Taft (Victor Buono) ate too much. Wilson (Robert Vaughn) was cheap. Coolidge (Ed Flanders) kept animals in the White House, while Harding (George Kennedy) ordered toothpicks and spittoons for state dinners. Though the show's title promises a smattering of gossip, only that old whipping boy Harding receives less than reverential treatment. Instead of dirty linens, there's clean linen; in one scene we

Attorney General Daugherty (Barry Sullivan) with



learn that Harry Truman (Harry Morgan) regularly laundered his own underwear? The attempts to humanize the Presidents are childish. Does it really tell us anything that Wilson once danced to *Ballroom the Jack*?

Though such fatuous footnotes are graphically dramatized in the show, large events whiz by. Buzz words like Teapot Dome or League of Nations or World War I turn up in dialogue with little explanation of their significance. Political debates rarely figure in the action. The only ideology in *Backstairs* emanates from the series' writers. The show unthinkingly promotes such stereotypes as an all-knowing black matriarch (Olivia Cole) and a raucous Irish maid (Helena Carroll).

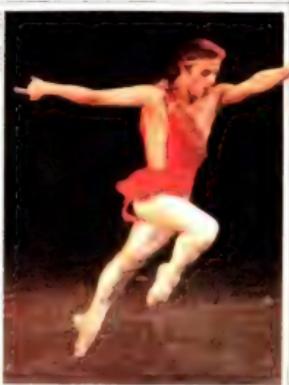
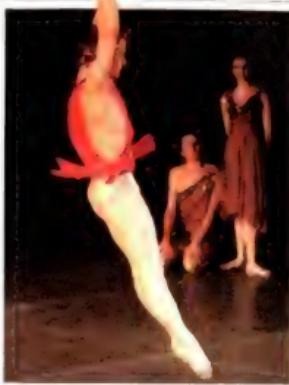
Ironically, *Backstairs* might be more tolerable if it were at least effectively trashy television. But this show doesn't even rise to the level of juicy soap opera—a must for any miniseries from *I Claudius* to *Washington: Behind Closed Doors*. There are too many scenes of cooking, cleaning and dusting, not to mention listless chitchat in underlit rooms. "Lord have mercy, I forgot to trim the President's other sideburn," says a White House barber in a typical example of *Backstairs* wit. Only a sketchy attempt is made to re-create the nation's capital during the periods covered by the story. The one continuing dramatic conflict derives from the cardboard characterization of a mildly officious real-life housekeeper, Mrs. Jaffray (Cloris Leachman). Otherwise, the show's major dramatic scenes all too often feature medical crises which occurs regularly here as they do on *Murder, She Wrote*.

Some intermittent suspense is provided by the *Backstairs* makeup artists, whose work varies from serviceable (Budino's Fauci) to rudimentary (Vaughn as Wilson) to outright ghoulish (John Anderson and Eileen Heckart as the Franklin Roosevelts). No matter how intriguing the cosmetics, however, the characters mostly remain lifeless. *Backstairs at the White House* might be more aptly titled *Backstairs at Madame Tussauds*. —Frank Rich

Harding (George Kennedy) in *Backstairs*



Dance



Taking to the air, Baryshnikov cavorts through *Fall* in *The Four Seasons*

Stepping Up to Paradise

Showcase for a "superhuman instrument"

The New York City Ballet is on a red hot streak. It has a dozen young dancers who are crowding the established stars. And it also has Mikhail Baryshnikov, ballet's reigning superstar. Last week the company gave the world premiere of a showcase for some of the explosive talent, Jerome Robbins' *The Four Seasons*, set to snippets of Verdi ballet music, most of it from *I Vespri Siciliani*. There is nothing very deep here, but the work is a flashy hit. Ballet, like opera, is a virtuous art. There are a lot of high Cs for the young dancers who portray the seasons of the year, and for Baryshnikov the scale steps up to paradise.

Robbins takes a light flip through the calendar. The beginning is too coy: girls dance in the snow, shivering and pushing each other to keep warm. This is not the kind of joke that the City Ballet corps can manage without making it look like a snowslide off a roof. Then, however, Robbins presents Heather Watts with a crystalline gift: a variation with fast *échappés* and arctic-still balances that show her strong technique.

Spring is a lyrical, intricate pas de deux for Kyra Nichols and Daniel Duell (who are husband and wife). It is the surest, most elegant part of the ballet. *Summer*, danced by Stephanie Saland and Bart Cook, is brief, languid and dreamy—it ends, in fact, with the couple dozing. Before that, however, they have hovered and swayed like goldenrod in their burnished costumes: this is a new and seemingly airborne partnership.

Fall is a gaudy, abandoned bacchanal starring Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Frohlich and Baryshnikov in the first role

created for him since he joined City Ballet. He is the scarlet king of the revelers. He swirls into furious spins, only to leap high—and go right on whirling again. It is an audacious, fiendishly difficult cadenza on the pirouette. In other spins he slows down suddenly, as if sinking into his own momentum. For sheer bravura, the highlight is a series of leaps that resemble a broad jumper's hitch kick. He kicks into the air with the left leg, brings the right even higher, executing in effect a double jump suspended in air. Robbins, who worked out this unprecedented move with Baryshnikov, calls it a *temps de filet*. To Ballet Master John Taras it is a *grand pas de basque*. Baryshnikov describes it as a *reté passé*.

In Broadway English, it is an applause machine. *The Four Seasons* is Dameon classical style. As he often has in the past, Robbins has made roles that enhance young dancers like Nichols, Watts and Duell. He has also shrewdly exploited the technical gifts of Baryshnikov, whom Robbins calls "a superhuman instrument." (The *Fall* segment will also be danced by Peter Martins with different choreography and music, to show off his serene purity of line.) On opening night, *The Four Seasons* was on the program between two Balanchine masterpieces, *Concerto Barocco* and *Symphony in C*. Those ballets were brutal competition for the new work, which nonetheless won the crowd with its buoyancy and élan. Rossini once said that all kinds of music are good except the boring kind. That goes for ballet too. —Martha Duffy



Milwaukee commuters find that feet can be faster than wheels



Chicagoan shovels off his roof

Environment

Who Will Stop the Snow?

The Midwest digs out from its worst blizzard in memory

From Milwaukee to Muncie, from South Bend to St. Joe, wherever the four winds blow, they were blowing snow. The Midwest lay cold and, to a certain extent, lifeless last week under the region's worst blizzard in memory. Some 3 ft. of snow immobilized Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri and parts of Kansas, Michigan and Wisconsin. Temperatures dropped as low as 19° F below zero, putting a hard crust on the blanket and turning whole counties into blocks of ice. Said Allen Pearson, director of the National Weather Service's Severe Storms Forecast Center in Kansas City: "If you liken a storm to someone wringing out a towel, this one was just superefficient."

The "Blizzard of '79," as newspapers are calling it, is also a disaster of major proportions. At least 100 people died battling the elements and hundreds of millions of dollars were lost in snow-stalled production, sales and wages. In Chicago, hardest hit by the blizzard, virtually nothing worked for the entire week. O'Hare International airport, normally the world's busiest, was closed for a record 42 hours. More than 1,400 of the city's streets were blocked by drifts, many of them 12 ft. high. The estimated 300 million tons of snow that fell on Chicago closed schools for at least a week, halted the city's elevated rail system for days, kept firemen from reaching burning buildings, and forced crit-

ically short-staffed hospitals to import 1,000 pints of blood from Los Angeles. The city attached snowplows to garbage trucks, even fire trucks. Convoys of borrowed snow-fighting equipment rolled in from as far away as Quebec.

Across the flat Midwest farm lands, electricity and telephone lines snapped like dry spaghetti. Hundreds of cat's-froze-to-death, and dairy farmers were forced to dump oceans of milk they could

Grocery shopping in the Windy City on cross-country skis



not get to market. In Lake Michigan, two Coast Guard cutters were trapped by giant ice floes. A 220-mile-long ice jam closed the Missouri River from Atchison, Kans., to Blair, Neb., backing up water and causing flooding in some places.

As in other disasters in other places, the storm summoned untapped reserves of resourcefulness and good will in many people. Three members of a family in New Liberty, Iowa, burned corncobs for four days to keep warm, before being rescued by National Guard troops. Neighbors in Chicago were holding block parties to shovel one another out. "If you want to know the truth," said Betty Lou Salzman of Chicago, "I love it. There's a kind of solidarity in this mini-disaster that I think people really like."

A few Midwestern businessmen were exhilarated by the storm. Wisconsin's eight snowblower manufacturers worked overtime trying to keep pace with demand. Curtis Barron, a Chicago AMC dealer, sold 37 four-wheel-drive Jeeps in five days (vs. a typical three or four). And with so many offices and factories idle, tens of thousands of housebound workers found themselves with a few days of holiday they had not expected. Governor James Thompson, after appealing to President Carter to declare 22 northern Illinois counties a disaster area, took a vacation—to Florida. After two days of being roasted by the local press, he flew back into Chicago to suffer along with his constituents as they received a familiar forecast: more snow, ice and freezing rain.

Milestones

SEEKING DIVORCE. Luci Johnson Nugent, 31, younger daughter of late President Lyndon B. Johnson from **Patrick Nugent**, 35, after twelve years of marriage, one son and three daughters, in Austin, Texas. The couple have been separated about a year, last November. Nugent quit his job as general manager of the Johnson family-owned radio station, K1 BJ.

ILL. John Wayne, 71, the legendary "Duke" of Hollywood filmdom, with cancer, in Los Angeles. In a 9½-hour operation, Wayne's stomach was removed, but laboratory tests showed that the malignancy had spread to his gastric lymph nodes. The patient, whose cancerous left lung was removed in 1964, accepted the news with true grit: "I've licked the Big C before," he said. "And I'll lick it again."

DIED. Andre Laguerre, 63, bold, stimulating managing editor of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** for 14 years (1960-74); of a heart attack, in Manhattan. The London-born son of a French diplomat, Laguerre grew up in San Francisco, was drafted into the French army during World War II at the age of 24, was among the last soldiers evacuated from Dunkirk and served as General Charles de Gaulle's press attaché before joining **TIME** in 1948 as a foreign correspondent. In 1951 he worked on the personal staff of Editor in Chief Henry Luce. Five years later Laguerre, who was then **TIME**'s London bureau chief (and the magazine's ranking expert on European politics), was summoned to New York by Luce for a surprising assignment to be an assistant managing editor of the fledgling **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. He became its second managing editor four years later. Outwardly brusque but actually shy, Laguerre was a connoisseur of cigars, race horses, the St. Louis Cardinals and journalistic prose that met his own exacting, cam-free standards. He turned the struggling **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** into a solid financial success by restyling its format, pioneering the use of extensive news color photography and developing a staff of diverse, talented writers. After serving longer than any other managing editor of a **Time** Inc. publication, Laguerre left **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** in 1974, a year later he helped found **Classic, The Magazine about Horses & Sport**, and was its editor and publisher until he retired in December.

DIED. Marjorie Lawrence, 71, Australian-born soprano who resumed her career in a wheelchair after being stricken by infantile paralysis in 1941, of a heart attack, in Little Rock, Ark. Lawrence specialized in Wagnerian roles and after her illness made a triumphant comeback at the Metropolitan Opera in 1943 singing *Venus in *Tannhäuser** while seated on a divan. She detailed her struggles with illness in her 1949 autobiography, *Interrupted Melody*, and in subsequent years taught opera at several U.S. colleges.



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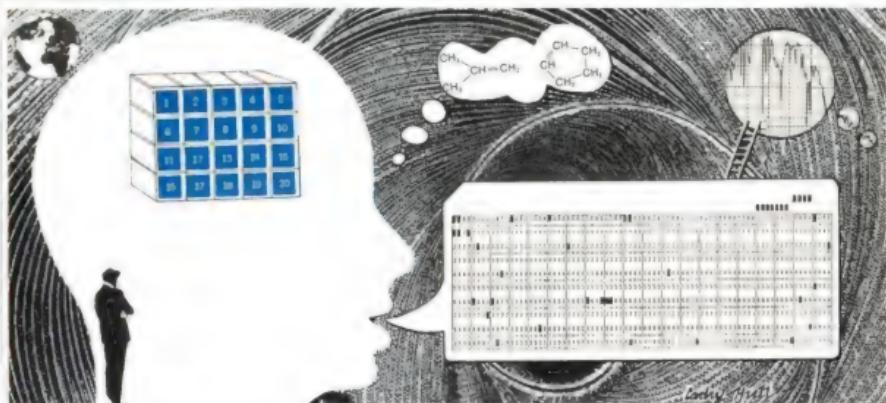


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Books



Of Microchips and Men

A PERFECT VACUUM by Stanislaw Lem

Translated by Michael Kandel; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 229 pages, \$8.95

The two-cultures debate of nearly a generation ago is all but forgotten. The sharp exchanges between the bowlered ranks of C.P. Snow, the novelist who gave contemporary fiction the beautiful technocrat, and the disciples of Literary Critic F.R. Leavis now seem like an intellectual border dispute. In retrospect it was not much of a contest. The powers of technology and social engineering either bypassed or rolled over their academic challengers. Today many defenders of the humanities even drop terms like the uncertainty principle and entropy as loose literary metaphors.

Yet there are writers who truly comprehend the vocabulary of science. Thomas Pynchon made physical laws part of the structure of *Gravity's Rainbow*; and science-fiction novelists routinely construct their speculative entertainments from the hard- and software of physics and chemistry. Among the masters of the genre is Stanislaw Lem, a mordant, satirical Pole whose novels and stories have been praised by readers as disparate as Critic Leslie Fiedler and Russian Cosmonaut Gherman Titov. Lem has written nearly 30 books, and his European sales are in the millions. (Ten of his works have

been translated into English; most of them were published by New York's Seabury Press.)

A Lem story can have the crushing gravity of a collapsing star. His sentences are frequently dense with logic and his points aphoristic: "The progress of human knowledge was a gradual renunciation of the *simplicity* of the world." Lem's own worlds are complex, twittering word machines ingeniously wired to philosophy, probability theory, cybernetics and literary conventions, which he parodies brilliantly. Unlike most science-fiction writers, he animates his creatures with lively explanations, as in the Cartesian sendup from *The Cyberiad*: "Mymosh, thus booted, went flying into the nearby puddle, where his chlorides and iodides mingled with the water, and electrolyte seeped into his head and, bubbling, set up a cur-

Excerpt

“If one is to believe the author—and more and more they tell us to believe the authors of science fiction!—the current surge of sex will become a deluge in the 1980s...

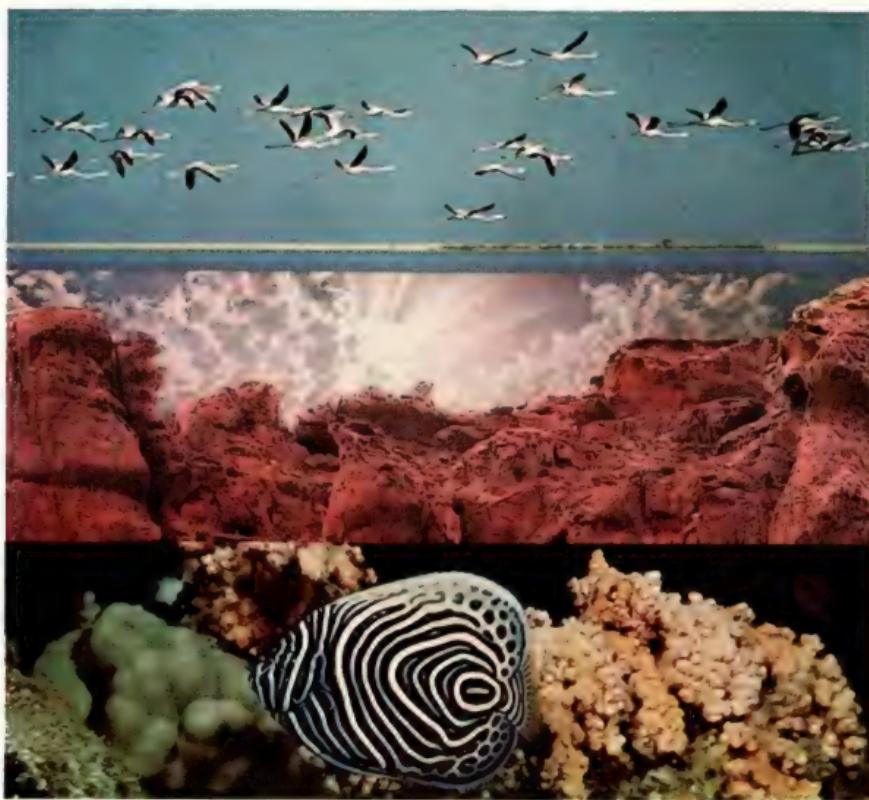
On the field of battle remained three corporations—General Sexotics, Cybordetics, and Intercourse International. When the production of these giants was at its peak, sex, from a private amusement, a spectator sport, group gymnastics, a hobby, and a collector's market, turned into a philosophy of civilization. McLuhan, who as a hale and hearty old codger had lived to see these times, argued in his *Genitoracy* that this precisely was the destiny of mankind from the moment it entered on the path of technology; that even the ancient rowers, chained to the galleys, and the woodsmen of the North with their saws, and the steam engine of Stephenson with its cylinder and piston, all traced the rhythm, the shape, and the meaning of the movements of which the sex of man—that is to say, the sense of man—con-

sists. The impersonal industry of the U.S.A., having appropriated the situational wisdoms of East and West, took the fetters of the Middle Ages and made of them unchastity belts (and) set in motion antisepic assembly lines off of which began to roll sadomasochists, succubuses, sodomy sofas for the home, and public gomorracades, and at the same time it established research institutes and science foundations to take up the fight to liberate sex from the servitude of the perpetuation of the species. Sex ceased to be a fashion; for it had become a faith; the orgasm was regarded as a constant duty, and its meters, with their red needles, took the place of telephones in the office and on the street...

In the course of the decade, synthetic sex came a long way from the first models, the inflatables and the hand-windups, to the prototypes with thermostats and feedback. The originals of these copies are long dead, or else are now decrepit crones, but teflon, nylon, dralon, and Sexofix have withstood the wear of time.



Stanislaw Lem



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Books

rent there, which traveled around and about, till Mymosh sat up in the mud and thought the following thought:—Apparently, I am!"

If Lem has a major theme, it is the implications of artificial intelligence. What is natural and unnatural, what is imaginary and what is real—and does it really matter—are questions that stream through the pages of *A Perfect Vacuum* like ghostly neutrinos. Each story is cast in the form of a review of a nonexistent book. Lem, of course, is both reviewer and conceiver of the unwritten texts. Some are fairly straightforward social and literary satires. *Les Robinsonades* dismisses De Wolfe's *Robinson Crusoe* as a puritanical fiction based on a brutal factual account of a castaway (which it was), and presents a New Robinson who is not nostalgic for a lost culture. He re-creates his world from scratch, dreaming into being a manservant named Snibbina and a three-legged female companion called Wendy Mae. The course of true creation never runs smoothly. "Thus the logically perfect hero," writes Lem, "outlines a plan that later will destroy and mock him—can it be, as the human world has done to its Creator?"

Logic is the perfect vacuum, admitting no impurities but capable of breeding absurdities. A Nazi war criminal sets himself up as Louis XVI in the wilds of South America where he decries German to be French and Argentina to be imperial Spain. A Huxleyan world in which sexual indulgence has resulted in a "genitocracy" is suddenly cooled off by Nosex, a drug that turns lovemaking into drudgery. Sex as a recreation and mainstay of the economy is replaced by eating, with its own pornography and taboos. People who eat fruit while kneeling, for example, are branded perverts.

Lem's rationalists have a weakness for rationalizing. A man who considers himself a genius of the highest order also believes that such elite members of the race are never recognized. In another story Lem overloads the probability theory to suggest playfully that no one should exist. Each man's chances of being, says Lem's Professor Kouska, is a "terragigamegamactillion-to-one shot." In physics, one chance in a centillion is considered an impossibility because there are fewer than a centillion seconds before the end of the universe. The origin of this fact is unclear. But who's counting?

Lem plays his most sophisticated games when he reflects on the production of artificially intelligent beings. Indeed, God himself is considered as a vast cybernetic mind that may be the legacy of a first-generation universe that died billions of aeons ago. The machines of this universe were the laws of nature. As for the problems of spare parts and maintenance, Lem writes that "if

one considers 'artificial' to be that which is shaped by an active Intelligence, then the entire Universe that surrounds us is already *artificial*."

With such delightful leaps of the imagination, Lem outdistances nearly all of the most popular star trekkers. He is the Borges of scientific culture, whose "mortal engines" promise that mystery will not end with the last flesh-and-blood human. Reading *A Perfect Vacuum*, one can easily imagine banks of Lemian cybernoids arguing whether man exists and how many science-fiction writers could fit on the head of a microchip

—R.Z. Sheppard



Curtis Harnack in New York's Central Park

Seasons Turn

LIMITS OF THE LAND

by Curtis Harnack

Double-day: 232 pages: \$8.95

Travelers write, doctors write, clerics and politicians write incessantly, aden-mess confess and pilots deplane their fears. soldiers are addicted memoirists. But real farmers do not write, and, of course, writers do not really farm. It may be a question of mentality, but probably not: the reason would seem to be that writers need idleness and farmers lack it.

Thus Curtis Harnack's *Limits of the Land*, a convincing, brooding novel of life on a small Iowa farm during the 1940s, is a rarity whose value extends beyond its considerable literary strengths. It is a message from an unknown country. Harnack's narrator is a middle-aged dirt farmer named August who left Iowa in his youth, then returned, half unwilling, to the quarter section staked out by his grandfather. He, his wife Maureen and their 13-year-old daughter Sheila fester in the tedium of rural isolation. Each seeks a refuge, separate and traditional for his role: Maureen's is an implacable and sex-freezing religiosity. Sheila's is whiny neu-

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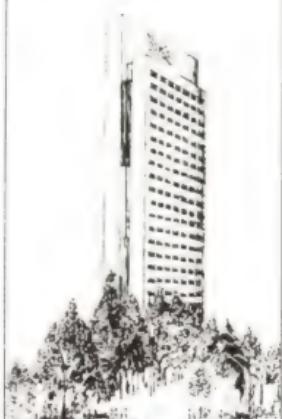
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Books

roticism, and August's is his land and his work. By mid-March of the year in which his story begins, August is worn down. He muses about love and death, "absolutes, this time of year, not merely tendencies... Sows farrow and now and then eat a piglet who looks particularly delicious... In the barnyard cattle mount each other, milch cows on top of milch cows, eyes rolled in mindless passion; and the bull prowls restively, the juice high in him. The terrible force of all this creation began to weary me—perhaps because I was getting too old for it. This year the groundhog had seen his shadow, and long ago I'd seen mine."

The turning of the story begins when August's sister-in-law Winnie, who lives on a nearby farm, dies in a flash fire. The death may be suicide, perhaps even murder. For family reasons, August and Maureen are persuaded to hush up these possibilities. Soon afterward, August lets himself get hooked by a blackmailer who knows about Winnie's demise. As plot devices, death and blackmail may be somewhat forced, but it is the passivity of August's response that is the author's real subject, and here his touch is sure. Maureen's stolid acceptance is similar when she learns that she is dying of cancer, and so is Sheila's as she rides out the hormonal storms of adolescence. Harnack's points gather force with each chapter that the earth owns men, not men the earth, that all creatures are bound by nature and predicament, that as the seasons turn, strong and weak turn with them.

Harnack grew up on a family farm, the dust jacket advises, and still owns part of it, though it does not live there. His list of professorial assignments, foreign travels made and books written (including *We Have All Gone Away*, a memoir of his farm boyhood, and a couple of previous novels about Iowa) show him to be something other than a farmer now. His portrayal of farm life is, therefore, an artful re-creation—harrowing, recollected in tranquillity—but it is a vividly effective one. Harnack's sense of the farmer's ineluctable journey through time gives depth and gravity to his book

—John Skow

Roman à Clay

MURDER AT ELAINE'S

by Ron Rosenbaum

Stonehill. 192 pages. \$7.95

Elaine's, as even people in Peoria know, is that raishin gin mill on Manhattan's Upper East Side where the sleeker elements of publishing and broadcasting gather to eat roadhouse food and trade gossip. Over the years, journalists have grown into Hollywood-gauge celebrities, and Elaine's has now become so chic, so select, so hummed with status and power, that some people would kill for a good table.



Ron Rosenbaum

Some people would kill for a good table

That, at least, is the premise of Ron Rosenbaum's delightfully bitchy first novel, a tale of lethal venality among the nation's media mandarins. Rosenbaum, 32, is a former *Village Voice* staff member who protested Editor Clay Felker's 1974 takeover by ripping up his paycheck in the new owner's face (to which Felker is reported to have asked, "Who was that?") In *Murder*, a Felkeresque press lord named Walter Foster loses his empire in an unfriendly takeover. Then, worse fate, he is displaced from his regular table at Elaine's by a younger publishing whiz, *Rolling Stone*'s Jann Wenner, making a cameo appearance under his own name. After a long exile, Foster returns unexpectedly one steamy August night when the restaurant is mysteriously jammed with patrons who ought to be in the Hamptons. The lights go out, a shot is heard and Foster is found under his old table, dead as *Collier's*. *Viva and New Times*

In classic Agatha Christie fashion, nearly everybody in Elaine's had motives to blue-pencil Foster: unforgotten literary feuds, unheated editorial schisms, unfavorable reviews, stolen story ideas, purloined wives. It also turns out that Foster's murder—as puzzled out by a hero who blends the best characteristics of hard-drugging *Rolling Stone* Writer Hunter Thompson and a freelancer named Rosenbaum—has much to do with Watergate. Many journalists consider that scan-



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dal their calling's finest hour. Foster, writes Rosenbaum, "caught the crest of the wave of media fever that engulfed mid-Seventies America. Woodward and Bernstein brought down a President. Redford and Hoffman enshrined the heroic reporters as symbolic successors. The entire journalism profession swelled with newly inflated prestige, power and self-esteem." In Rosenbaum's cunning *roman à Clez*, however, the gleaming knights of the choice tables are less interested in truth and light than drugs and kinky sex, and they are otherwise as morally flawed as the conspirators of the Nixon White House. But then, that is something the folks in Peoria have suspected all along.

—Donald Morrison

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Birds: William Burroughs

Nostalgia for the Present: Andrew

Wajcmanowski • The Coup: John

Updike • The Founder: Ginter

Grass • The Stories of John Cheever:

John Cheever • The World:

According to Garp: John Irving

NONFICTION: A Distant Mirror:

Babylon: William Tuchman • A Few

Today: Eric Hobsbawm • American

Caesar: William Manchester • I, I, I:

Foster: A Life: P. N. Furbank • In

Search of History: Slavko H.

White • The Annotated

Shakespeare: F. O. Matthiessen • The

Culture of Narcissism: Christopher

Eames

Best Sellers

FICTION

1 War and Remembrance: Work
of last weeks

2 Chesapeake: Michener (2)

3 The Stories of John Cheever:
Cheever (6)

4 The Coup: Updike (7)

5 Fools Die: Pinter (4)

6 Second Generation: Fast (5)

7 The Far Pavilions: Kavafis (8)

8 Evergreen: Plum (8)

9 Overlord: Hawley

10 The Empty Copper Sea:
MacDonald (10)

NONFICTION

1 A Distant Mirror: Tuchman (1)

2 Mommie Dearest: Crawford (2)

3 American Caesar: Manchester (3)

4 If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries
—What Am I Doing in the Pits?
Bombeck (8)

5 Gnomes: Hussey & Poor (14)

6 Faeries: Froud & Lee (7)

7 In Search of History: White (5)

8 The Complete Book of Running:
Fitz (9)

9 Tutankhamun: the Untold Story:
Hawley (9)

10 The Complete Scarsdale Medical
Diet: Turnauer & Baker

Science

The Lucy Link

An old skeleton, a new name

Lucy was not much more than a meter tall (just under 4 ft.), suffered from arthritis and had a head like an ape. But last week she became a front-page celebrity. Anthropologist Donald Carl Johanson of the Cleveland Museum of Natural History called a press conference to claim that Lucy* is *Australopithecus afarensis*, a new species in man's evolutionary lineage. He put her age at 3.5 million years, which makes her younger than man's earliest known ancestor, *Ramapithecus*, who lived 10 million to 14 million years ago. But Johanson said Lucy came before the hominids split into two branches, one leading eventually to *Homo sapiens* and another leading to the now extinct ape man *Australopithecus*. The discovery, said Johanson, is "an

dental and cranial features convinced the pair that she was of a different species.

The implications, says Johanson, are profound. First, the old notion that man became bipedal as his brain grew is certainly false: Lucy was small-brained, but could stand erect. Second, because Lucy is basically so primitive, man may have split from his ape ancestors much later than 15 million years ago, as is commonly supposed. Says Johanson: "Afarensis suggests that anthropologists might reopen the case of a divergence which occurred between 8 and 10 million years ago."

Johanson's announcement, however, left most colleagues puzzled. The bones have been around for more than four years now, long since dated by potassium-argon tests, and many anthropologists who have studied them are generally convinced that Lucy is an *Australopithecus africanus*, not some new species.



Anthropologist Johanson measuring the skull of his *Australopithecus afarensis*. Amid declarations of a new discovery, a few doubts about its significance.

exciting and provocative breakthrough."

Even before Johanson assembled Lucy's remaining bones, he could see that she had been bipedal: the clue was a tell-tale knee joint. In addition, Lucy's tiny skull suggested a brain too small to place her among previously discovered tool-making hominids. At first, Johanson and his partner, Timothy White of the University of California at Berkeley, tentatively classified her as *Australopithecus africanus*, a species discovered in 1924 by South African Anthropologist Raymond Dart. The team changed its view after locating the bones of 13 creatures roughly similar to Lucy in the Afar region, and comparing them with other hominid fossils found in 1975 by the well-known anthropologist Mary Leakey, in Laetoli, Tanzania. Above all, Lucy's unusual

Also, the notion that man became bipedal in tandem with his brain growth is no longer widely held. (More likely, changing survival needs led him out of the jungle to the African savanna, where he stood to peer over tall grasses.) As for Johanson's announcing a "new" name for Lucy, some specialists observe he did that a year ago in a little-noticed Cleveland Museum journal. "I don't think Johanson has made a particularly good case for her being a different species," says a leading anthropologist, and adds: "He's a guy who's always trying to upstage people."

Johanson and White's assertions have already been widely and uncritically reported in major U.S. dailies, and will be published formally this week in a review article in the respected magazine *Science*. But a backlash has also begun, and if the initial skepticism of some of his colleagues is any indication, Johanson may have to dig in to defend the bare bones of his new species. ■

*So named because a tape of the Beatles song *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* was playing when a jubilant Johanson-led team returned to base camp after unearthing parts of her in a sediment bed in the Afar region of Ethiopia in 1974.

Sensing Quakes

Why animals know in advance

On May 6, 1976, animals in the Friuli region of northeastern Italy inexplicably went berserk. Dogs began barking and howling, cats ran into the streets, and hens refused to roost. Mice and rats scurried out of their hiding places and ran in circles. Horses and cows fidgeted in their stalls. Pet birds flapped their wings and emitted agonizing calls, almost as if they sensed what was about to occur. At 9 o'clock that night, the Friuli area was jolted by a major earthquake.

Farmers and other country folk who live in seismically active areas have long insisted that animals often act strangely before a quake. Scientists' traditional skepticism about these reports has begun to erode, partly as a result of the work of China's "barefoot seismologists." These field workers have used observations of every kind—including changes in the level, temperature, color and smell of well water, and even the behavior of pandas in zoos—to make successful predictions of impending temblors.

Now a researcher thinks he can explain how animals anticipate quakes. Writing in *Nature*, Biochemist Helmut Tributsch of the Max Planck Society's Fritz Haber Institute in Berlin says that animals can apparently sense, quite literally, that a quake is in the air. His theory: before the major shock hits, the earth releases such great masses of charged particles, or ions, that the atmosphere is almost alive with electricity. Such electrostatic activity, while disconcerting enough to humans (it can cause headaches, irritability and nausea), may be more irritating to the delicate senses of many animals.

Tributsch acknowledges that his theory is based largely on old or inexact observations. The ancient Greeks and Romans regarded fogs, strange clouds and eerie lights as precursors of earthquakes. These atmospheric phenomena, suggests Tributsch, may have been of an electrical nature. Indeed, a 1976 U.S. Geological Survey conference on animal behavior prior to earthquakes concluded that the body of such causal evidence is too large to ignore. In addition, a number of researchers have found that positive ions can have marked physiological effects on people and animals by stimulating the production of serotonin, a neurohormone that plays a role in the transmission of nervous impulses, mood responses and gastric secretions.

In any event, Tributsch has a personal reason for doing further research into the matter: the Friuli area, which lies in an active quake region, is the scientist's birthplace. ■

Press

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Playing Catch-Up in Iran

Did the press accurately prepare the American people for what has happened in Iran? The critiquing has already begun. "Reporting Iran the Shah's Way" is the title of a free-swinging attack on the U.S. press in the *Columbia Journalism Review* by William A. Dorman, a radical-left California journalism professor, and "Ehsan Omeed," described as an Iranian-born professor at an American university. It asks why crowds in the street were called Freedom Fighters in Budapest but mobs in Tehran. Sandy Socolow, executive producer of the CBS *Evening News*, calls the article "a kind of diatribe"; Stan Swinton, vice president of the Associated Press, thinks it a "cheap shot" for the professor to hide behind a fake byline (he turns out to be Mansour Farhang, who teaches government at California State in Sacramento). Harder to dismiss is the judgment of Professor James A. Bill of the University of Texas, author of *The Politics of Iran*: he writes in *Foreign Affairs* that Iran coverage over the years has been "consistently sparse, superficial and distorted," particularly in "misrepresenting the nature and depth of the opposition to the Shah."

Such questioning deserves more rebuttal than the usual cracks about 20/20 hindsight. Journalists aren't expected to anticipate train wrecks or assassinations. But a simple test of their performance is: Are readers or listeners taken by surprise by events that were foreseeable? The Iran coverage meets this test favorably, in that any well-informed reader for the past year has been told all about riots, corruption, torture and discontent. The press, however, can be faulted, particularly in the earlier stages, for describing the opposition, in the simplicity of news bulletins and snippet coverage on TV, as "an unlikely coalition of left-wing extremists and conservative Muslims" who opposed the Shah's modernizing reforms. That was too pat, too close to the Shah's talk of "Islamic Marxists" arrayed against him, whom he dismissed. The capsule summaries also ignored the distress of the new Westernized middle class.

It wasn't until last summer and fall, when the U.S. press at last gave deeper attention to Iran, that some important nuances came clearer. *TIME's* September cover story "Iran in Turmoil," for example, reports "the mullahs, for all their abhorrence of the decadent excesses of modernism, have traditionally been political progressives." (The *Columbia Review* article overlooks such considered judgments, and itself may have too cockily declared that the Shi'ites "are not interested in running the country.")

The press had to play catch-up in Iran. The Shah himself has long been on the grand tour of editors, anchormen, roving correspondents. But after the *New York Times* closed down its bureau in February 1977, there wasn't one American reporter based in Tehran. The result has been what correspondents call "parachuting" into a place, arriving like firemen after a fire is visibly raging.

Parachute journalism happens because too many editors assume Americans aren't much interested in world news and have cut back coverage. In retrospect, notes Robert Bartley, editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, the press now knows

that Iran "was more important than the space or staffing given it." Last week 120 correspondents—30 of them American—clustered in Tehran's Hotel Inter-Continental.

For parachuting newsmen, language barriers and Iranians' fear of the police made it hard to develop sources. Even now, only one Western reporter in Tehran, Andrew Whitley of the BBC and the *Financial Times*, speaks Farsi. The U.S. embassy was hopeless as a source because of its self-isolation. Vivid coverage of the deteriorating situation by men like Jonathan C. Randal of the *Washington Post* and Nicholas Gage of the *New York Times* was usually hedged on the question of whether the Shah would survive. Gage in June reported on the opposition but added that "most analysts" thought the Shah "too powerful," because he has the backing of not only the armed forces and the United States, but also of "large numbers of peasants and workers."

This was typical of a cautious reportorial consensus until everything began to give way; it was less "pro-Shah" than an attempt to assess presumed elements of strength in a fluid situation. Journalism was never guilty of the reckless effusiveness of Jimmy Carter's 1978 New Year's toast to the Shah's "island of stability." But it also resisted, says the *Wall Street Journal's* Bartley, those Iranian exiles who wanted the press to "report that the only trouble in Iran is the Shah, and if we only toppled him everything would be peachy."

Harder to judge is how much journalists were unconsciously guided by a sense of the national interest. Concedes Dick Fischer, NBC's executive vice president for news: "Early on we reported rather softly on the Shah; we thought he was our man." A telling indictment in the *Columbia Review* is that in an eleven-month study the authors could find no use of the word dictator to describe the Shah. Though the press did speak of torture and a repressive secret police, it usually labeled the regime as autocratic or authoritarian.

Perhaps such significant shading is one reason why *Le Monde's* Middle East veteran, Eric Rouleau, reflects that U.S. journalism got trapped in clichés about "the progressive Shah" beset by "fanatic religiousists." But when it comes to nationalism, how about the French? They allowed Ayatollah Khomeini a sanctuary they rarely grant other political exiles to campaign for the Shah's overthrow. Rouleau speculates that the French, miffed by being shut out of Iran's arms deals, "took a calculated bet that it wasn't a bad idea to be host to a man who would be influential in the next regime." Nationalism might have sharpened the French reportorial emphasis on discontent in Iran. But Rouleau is surely right in saying that in covering places like Saudi Arabia, the U.S. press must do a better job of understanding the power and outlook of Muslim nationalists.

In Iran, the American press, which is often accused of sensationalizing the news, played it cautiously. It fully reported the tinder but did not add to the fire. Oddly enough, this should put it in good position, free of the onus of sponsorship, to report whatever happens next.



Ayatollah Khomeini holding forth for newsmen in France

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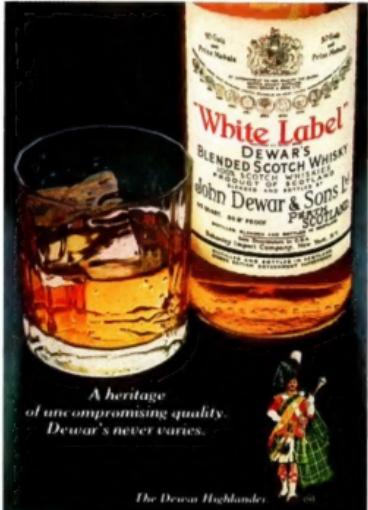
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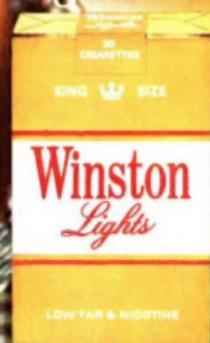
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